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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

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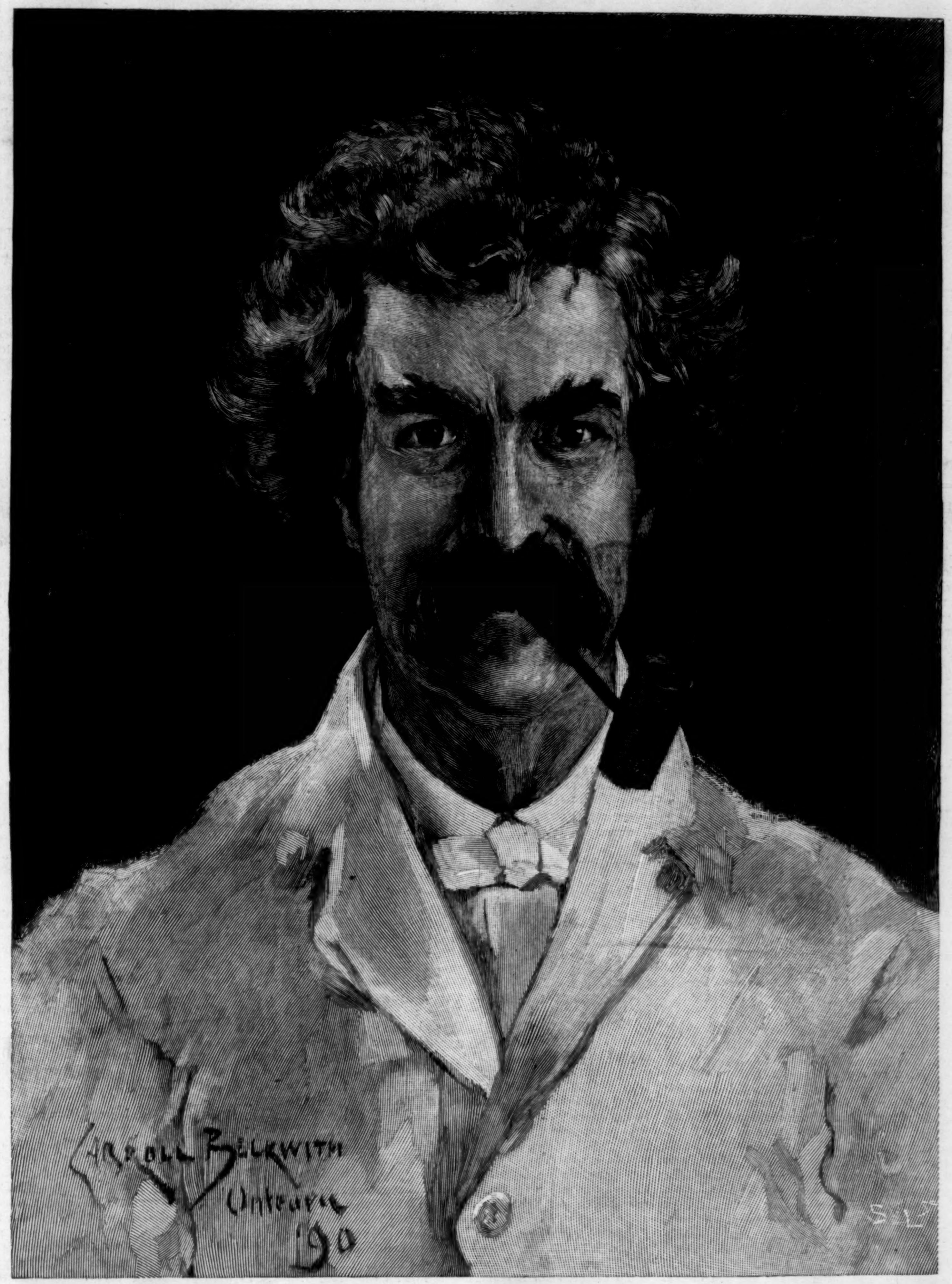
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SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).—From the Painting by J. Carroll Beckwith.—[See Page 734.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—OCTOBER.

CAIRO IN 1890. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Part First. Handsomely Illustrated.

THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK. By Dr. JOHN C. VAN DYKE. Illustrated.

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POEMS: Thy Will be Done. By JOHN HAY.—*Interpreted.* By ANGELINA W. WRAY.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS conducted, as usual, by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.—*Literary Notes.* By LAURENCE HUTTON.

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THE CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK.

THOSE who would vote for any ticket and support any platform of their party are not interested in the discussion that follows the action of nominating conventions, and those who hold that the question of tariff revision takes precedence of all others at every election, national or local, will of course vote to promote the prestige and success of the Democratic party. But there is a large body of voters in New York whose vote at a State election is decided by consideration of probable advantages to be gained within the State. The result of the election in this State, for instance, will have but a remote and indirect influence upon the tariff, but it will decide the chances within the State of perfecting the ballot reform law, the probability of reasonable temperance legislation, and of separating municipal government from politics, and of advancing similar local measures of good government. Meanwhile every voter knows that while parties may be fairly judged by the representatives whom they select and the leaders whom they tolerate or follow, there is a difference in the general individual force or moral momentum of parties. A party leader may be properly distrusted, while with equal justice there may be comparative confidence in the party as an aggregate. Thus the free silver bill was carried in the Senate under Republican leadership and by Republican votes, yet it cannot be doubted that the general sentiment of the Republican party upon the subject is sounder than that of its opponent, and that the confidence of the country that there will be no mischievous meddling with the currency at present is based not upon the fact of a Democratic majority in the next House, but upon the certain veto of the Republican President.

In New York, however mortifying to honorable members of both parties must be the fact that the party boss on one side is Mr. PLATT, and on the other Governor HILL or a new CROKER & Co., and although it is pure comedy that Hillism should be denounced by Republicans, as if Plattism were preferable, yet the real question of the election is what we have stated, namely, how to advance in New York measures in support of which good citizens are and have been united. Would the election of Mr. FLOWER with a Democratic Legislature secure, for instance, the blanket ballot amendment, or reasonable temperance laws, or tend to emancipate city government from politics, or any other real reform measure, more probably than the election of Mr. FASSETT and a Republican Legislature? To say that it would prevent "TOM PLATT'S" dictatorship, and strike a blow at tariff corruption, and promote the election of Mr. CLEVELAND next year, is an evasion, and a very unsatisfactory evasion. Undoubtedly "TOM PLATT'S" dictatorship is humiliating, but no more so than Governor HILL'S or Tammany Hall's. Tariff corruption is unquestionably a great evil, and we shall all vote upon it next year, but the evil at hand in the State is ballot corruption, and that we can vote upon this year, while as for Mr. CLEVELAND'S election next year, it is certainly not evident that it will be promoted by a victory of Hillism or Tammany in New York this year. This evasive reply, of course, is an admission that the chances for these measures are greater with Republican success, and even assuming that the action of the Governor and of the Legislature would be determined by Mr. PLATT, yet Mr. PLATT, knowing the disposition of his party and of the Democratic party, would be much more likely to favor such measures than either Governor HILL or Tammany Hall, whichever may be the actual Democratic boss. Voters of an independent turn who think that the Republican party in New York ought to be made to pay the penalty of tolerating Mr. PLATT as its leader can hardly think that the Democratic party ought to be sustained for submitting either to Governor HILL or Messrs. CROKER and MURPHY as its bosses.

There has been no political reform of late years which is more distinctly a check upon the threatening evil of political corruption than ballot reform. The bill which was passed in this State has made a good beginning of reform. But its effect was paralyzed as far as possible by Governor HILL'S device of a paster. The Republican Convention made this distinct declaration upon the subject:

> "We favor the amendment of the ballot law by the substitution for the unofficial 'paster' ballot of the 'blanket' official ballot, upon which the names of candidates shall be compactly grouped, rendering the voter's duty easy, treating candidates with equal justice, lessening opportunities for fraud, bribery, and corruption, and largely reducing the expenses of elections."

The legislative action of the party hitherto shows that this is its real feeling and purpose. The Democratic declaration is as follows:

> "We demand an extension of electoral reform, with a view to preventing the profuse expenditure of money by candidates and political committees; but we resolutely oppose any effort to hamper or restrict the constitutional privilege of manhood suffrage. And we congratulate the people of the State that by the persistent efforts of a Democratic Governor, sustained by the Democrats in the Legislature, in defense of this principle there has been at last wrested from a Republican Legislature by force of public sentiment a genuine electoral reform law, which guarantees an absolutely secret ballot, which prevents intimidation and corruption, which reserves for working-men the right to two hours on election day in which to vote without loss of pay for time consumed, which largely diminishes the opportunities of candidates to expend money illegitimately, which prescribes a careful system of registration of electors, which imposes heavy penalties for corrupt practices in elections, and which preserves inviolable to every citizen, however humble or unlettered he may be, the right to cast his ballot for whomsoever he may choose for any office within the gift of the people."

That is a very transparent declaration. The silver plank in the Democratic platform is sound in its opposition to "any dollar which is not of the intrinsic value of every other dollar of the United States." The rest of the platform is largely an indictment of the Republican party. The ticket, with one or two exceptions, is the selection of Governor HILL, and will arouse no enthusiasm. Mr. DE WITT'S bitter insinuation against a class of candidates to which Mr. FLOWER is supposed to belong naturally displeased a Convention which was about to nominate him. The lines are now drawn, but prophecy is idle. Hosea Biglow says,

> "Don't never prophesy—onless ye know."

MASSACHUSETTS.

THE season of active politics opens simultaneously all along the line. Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts, with other States, are now hotly engaged with their State elections. Some time since we said that it seemed to be settled that the Massachusetts Republicans would nominate Mr. CRAPO against Governor RUSSELL. The nomination, which was then universally conceded, showed that the Republicans were conscious that in the actual situation they must take no chances, but depend upon their best traditions and the highest personal character, as well as the party policy in general, to defeat the re-election of a Governor whose administration has been so satisfactory and acceptable as that of Mr. RUSSELL. This was a just conviction, for Governor RUSSELL is too young a man to be in any manner whatever identified with the injurious traditions of the Democratic party. He is a man of the highest character, of acknowledged ability, of public experience, of evident taste and talent for public life, in full and active sympathy with the reforms which the best Republican sentiment demands, a capital speaker, a man of popular sympathy and attractive manner, whose good sense and sound judgment have been attested by his administration, although in the case of one or two appointments to office there may be fair difference of opinion.

To unseat such a Governor is not an easy task even for Massachusetts Republicans. It is not denied in the State that there has been for some time a strong current of the vigorous, intelligent, and conscientious younger voters toward the Democratic party. Nowhere is the old distrust of that party so thoroughly removed as in Massachusetts. The older Republican orators find that their shafts at the old-fashioned, slavery-supporting, ignorant, liquor-befriending Democracy are pointless against a Democracy among whose leaders are Republicans of yesterday. If those orators advocate an honest currency, they only echo the arguments of Democratic members of Congress from Massachusetts. If they insist upon a force bill, they must face not the old allies of slavery, but young men politically bred in antislavery sentiment, and differing from them now not in conviction or purpose, but in method. In this situation the vital Republican necessity was, in a word, a candidate who represented what was and is best in Republicanism, and this, it was supposed, was found in Mr. CRAPO.

But without any very clear reason, except that he was a younger man, Mr. CHARLES H. ALLEN, of Lowell, an ex-member of Congress, was suddenly presented as a candidate, and his friends worked so diligently that his nomination seemed to be assured. At the last moment, however, the friends of CRAPO, who had supposed everything to be settled favorably to their hopes, took alarm, and "spirted" for their candidate. But it was too late. Mr. ALLEN was nominated by a decisive majority. He is a man of high character and education, successful in business, and of some public experience, a good speaker, and of pleasant address, who will stump the State. He is not, however, very widely known, and his personal campaign will be one of introduction to the people. The platform is a general commendation of the party and its administration. Massachusetts political opinion has been Republican for many years. But last year the Republican hold was relaxed, and the Democratic strength and hope in the campaign are the rapidly deepening distrust of the Republican party, and the character and administration of Governor RUSSELL.

PARTIES AND PLATFORMS.

THERE is a great deal of fun made of party platforms, which have become largely nets to catch voters, and are consequently composed of declarations upon all kinds of public questions so expressed as to mean much or nothing. But it is nevertheless true that platforms are important as expressions, first, of the general party sentiment; and second, of what is believed to be the popular view of questions which are not articles of party faith, such questions, for example, as temperance, woman suffrage, the World's Fair, the persecution of Jews, and various forms of the Irish movement. These are designed both to satisfy those already within the party who have opinions upon such questions, and those outside the party whose votes may be determined by the more or less favor with which certain topics are treated. But when every kind of buncombe is deducted, the party platform states in strong terms the essential difference from the other party. On doubtful and debatable points, where the party is afraid of its own members, and anxious to conciliate outsiders, the value of the declaration must be determined by the general considerations which we have noted elsewhere.

Mr. FASSETT in his speech of acceptance said, "I believe that party offers the best system of means and appliances for good government in the nation, in the State, and in that great product of modern times, the city." The last clause of this sentence is in flat contradiction of the platform upon which he is supposed to stand, which says,

> "We approve the principle that [illegible] government of cities is primarily a matter of business administration, and the enactment of laws to secure for all the cities of the State genuine home-rule, the enactment of a law to require a general and uniform system of municipal accounting, and the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution requiring the passage of a general bill for the government of cities."

The platform thus declares that city government is a matter of business, not of politics. It is to be interpreted not by Mr. FASSETT'S remark, but by knowledge of the general view and character of the party. We believe it to be true in this instance, as in that of the free silver vote in the Senate to which we allude elsewhere, that, as between the parties, Republican sympathy with the view expressed in the platform is much the stronger.

But Mr. FASSETT'S general proposition about party is one with which it is very easy for a man to deceive himself. It is a truism that in a republic public measures can be best carried by the organized action of those who agree in opinion upon them. This is party, legitimate party, and nothing else is legitimate party. To combination in an honorable way for an honest purpose no sensible person that we ever heard of objects. But when a man says that he would vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated, is he still within legitimate party lines? Is that disposition part of the honorable combination for an honest purpose? Does a man who holds that party is the best system of means and appliances for good government defend voting for the devil if he were regularly nominated? If not, if he permits individual judgment of the character or fitness of candidates, and consequent refusal to vote for them or opposition to them, how is he better than a mugwump? But if he does not permit such judgment and action, then he concedes that legitimate party duty may require of a man support of a candidate whom he may hold to be dishonest or unfit. Independent voters do not disagree with Mr. Fassett that party is a necessary agency in political action, but they disagree with any man who draws from that view the conclusion that a man must abdicate his own conscience and judgment in favor of a party. The reason that such voters are not acknowledged as party men is not that they repudiate party action, but certain party acts. They may desire honest government, for instance, and agree that it is to be obtained by organized action, but they will not therefore vote for a dishonest man as the means of obtaining honest government. When, however, the man is honest and fit, and stands for measures that they approve, then for that reason they vote for him, and in that way, which is not a bad way, they are party men.

MR. ABBEY'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

For some months Mr. Abbey's illustrations of the comedies of Shakespeare, with comments by Mr. Andrew Lang, have been appearing in Harper's Magazine, and it is long since there has been so delightful a Shakespearian publication. The art of wood-engraving has been brought to such perfection in the modern popular magazine that it has opened a facility to the illustration of the drama, as of all forms of literature, of which Mr. Abbey has availed himself to the utmost, and with a singularly happy result.

Mr. Lang well says, in modestly describing his comments as but a setting for the artist's work, that to illustrate Shakespeare's plays is like acting them. Both the actor and the artist are judged by preconceived notions, by an audience which has its own view, its own interpretation. When a Shakespearian comedy was first produced, indeed, the actor had the opportunity of making the original impression upon the public mind, which he could largely mould at will. But the long succession of actors has furnished new difficulties for their own craft by imposing certain traditions of proper representation, and the same kind of difficulty they have prepared for the illustrative artist. The general reader sees Hamlet as John Kemble dressed and acted him, and as Sir Thomas Lawrence painted John Kemble. The reader comes, therefore, to an illustration with his mind already occupied. When Dickens read *Pickwick*, there was consternation at his rendering of Sam Weller. He probably knew, but it was very different from the popular conception, and there was a decided disposition to say, "*That* isn't Sam Weller."

But in his illustrations of the comedies, Mr. Abbey introduces us into a realm of the imagination where his own apprehension touches our eyes with glamour. We see as he would have us see, and in that atmosphere of a world beyond our experience, which Shakespeare revealed, we put a girdle round the earth as we turn the pages, and, as in Shakespeare, a sea-coast in Bohemia does not disturb the essential reality of the picture. The figures of the Shakespearian comedy world are living people, as Mr. Lang says, but they are still people who only live in dreams. Just here is the felicitous advantage of the artist. What actor can body forth the tender grace of Rosalind, the feminine force of Portia, the subtle humor of Mercutio, the humorous collogue of Benedick and Beatrice? It is all too elusive for the actual representation. But the pencil, happier than the buskin, can seize that nameless grace and transport us into those gardens and groves and balconies, the hall at Belmont, the woods of Arden, and make us part of that whole airy life—so vital to the mind, so true in every generation, that Shakespeare is the poet of all time. Nothing more important and interesting has been attempted in this charming art than these illustrations of Mr. Abbey. His drawings from Herrick and the old English poems have shown the completeness of his sympathy with that world of poetry, and revealed the sensitive skill of his hand in staying the lovely vision. The Shakespeare illustrations are a daring work beautifully done.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AND A LOAN.

The amusing contest over the site of the World's Fair, or Columbian Exposition, which culminated on the New York side in the never-to-be-forgotten farce of the meeting at Cooper Institute, seems to be culminating on the Chicago side in a less amusing manner. The Queen City of the Lakes was betrayed by the fervor of her enthusiasm into a promise of subscribing all the money that might be necessary for the enterprise. But it is now said that the managers propose to ask Congress for a loan of five million dollars of the public money.

The managers who have been to Europe to awaken general interest in the enterprise have just returned, very favorably impressed with the welcome that they have received and the general favor shown to the project. It was intended undoubtedly, and it was certainly hoped, that in its whole cost and management the Exposition should be an illustration of the distinctively American spirit, and that private resources and skill should show as great a result as the energies and treasuries of governments accomplish elsewhere. That this is not to be must be regretted, although it is by no means clear that the situation would have been different had New York obtained the Fair. The alleged enthusiasm of New York was very factitious, and there were those in New York who subscribed large sums, but who hoped fervently that New York would not win the prize. It is not easy to discover at present much enthusiasm for the enterprise. But that is probably due to the fact that the date is yet so distant, and that the universal excitement of a Presidential campaign will intervene. Now that the government has recognized it, and appeals have been made to foreign governments and contributors, the work must go on, and if money be actually wanted Congress must supply it.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

The theory of our political system is that the people, divided into parties, meet to nominate those whom they wish to elect to legislative and executive offices. How completely the theory is contradicted by the fact, and how quietly the great body of a party follows a few men who devote themselves to the business of politics, is shown in the following letter. A convention or any primary action of the people would seem to be wholly useless. The power that makes the slate controls the selection of those who are to ratify its decrees. It is an old gibe that the advantage of belonging to the Catholic Church is that it saves the individual from any care or responsibility for his salvation. Our boss system saves him the care of reflection upon public questions or choice in public officers. The voter pays his money, but the boss makes his choice.

The letter was published just before the meeting of the Convention:

> "Governor Hill has been busy most of the day listening to grievances and giving directions to delegates to the State Convention. His decision to have Sheehan dropped out of the slate and Senator Donald McNaughton, of Rochester, substituted for Lieutenant-Governor, caused Mr. Sheehan an unusual amount of uneasiness. Mr. Sheehan came here early to-day, and went directly to the Executive Mansion. The Governor was determined in his plan to supersede Mr. Sheehan with Mr. McNaughton, and Mr. Sheehan retired greatly depressed in spirits. Mr. Sheehan called Edward Murphy from Troy, and he and Mr. Croker spent some time with the Governor, urging that Sheehan's name be allowed to stand. Their mission failed. Then Mr. Sheehan announced that he had delegates enough to elect him, and would have his name presented before the Convention. This evening Mr. Sheehan, accompanied by Anthony N. Brady, the capitalist, of this city, made another call upon the Governor, but the result could not be learned, as both are uncommunicative."

If one boss fails of his purpose, it is because another group of bosses may be stronger.

THE PHILADELPHIA "LEDGER."

Mr. W. V. McKean has retired from the editorship of the *Public Ledger* in Philadelphia, which he has held for a quarter of a century. His successor, Mr. L. Clarke Davis, pays a hearty tribute to his ability and good service, in which Mr. George W. Childs, the proprietor of the *Ledger*, warmly joins. But the general tone of the paper, which is one of the most prosperous of American journals, is largely due undoubtedly to the combined sagacity and ability of the three gentlemen. The *Ledger*, as a newspaper, is always full and timely, and its discussions of public questions are singularly candid and temperate. It is essentially and in the best sense a family paper, perfectly cleanly and refined. It treats politics and public men with unfailing courtesy, holding its own views firmly, but without assuming that those who hold other views are therefore rascals or blackguards. The character and general management of the *Ledger* will not change with the withdrawal of Mr. McKean. Mr. Davis is a journalist of admirable accomplishment and long experience, and of the highest character, who has been intimately associated with the late editor, and under whose control the *Ledger* will command the unabated respect and confidence of the public.

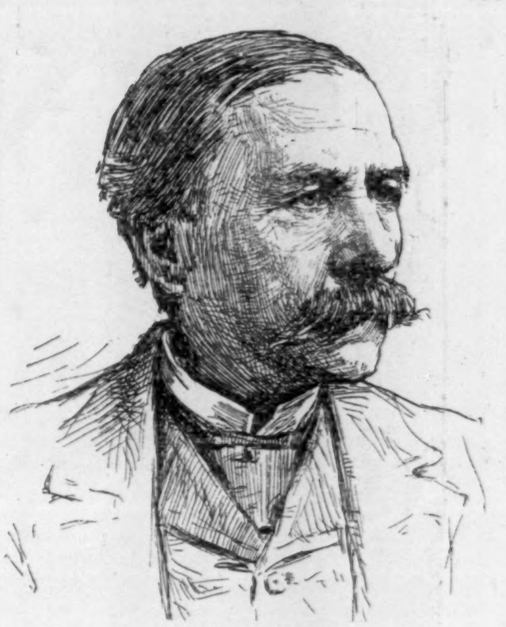
THE SPARROW AND THE CUCKOO.

A correspondent of the London *Times* makes this amusing complaint from Homburg:

> "The Americans follow the English by an unerring instinct into every pleasant retreat where we desire to sulk or amuse ourselves alone. Nice, Pau, and Cannes, once English preserves, can now hardly be distinguished from American cities. The same thing is true of Homburg. The English sparrow is being pushed out of its nest by the Yankee cuckoo. Our only revenge is found in the conviction that if we are disliked on the Continent, the Americans are more disliked. They inherit our unpopularity abroad, being more unsympathetic and aggressive."

The British right to enjoy Homburg, to the exclusion of other people, which is implied in this strain of woe, is not self-evident, and what the Germans may think of the British sparrow who builds his "nest" in Homburg is not stated. Perhaps the German is not less pleased with the disturbing cuckoo than with the appropriating sparrow, for the allegation of the sparrow that, disliked as it is, the cuckoo is more disliked, is testimony wholly *ex parte*.

The sparrow is evidently conscious that it must give some reason for the disfavor into which the cuckoo has fallen, and sets forth that it is the Yankee voice and accent which imbitter the cuckoo's relations with less strident races, and which, indeed, "is at present a blight on all social relations." Whether the Yankee voice is less agreeable than the voice and speech of the British cockney is a question which need not disturb the peace of nations. But it is plain from this little outburst that some sparrow is as much annoyed by the note of some cuckoo as the cuckoo has been amused by the conduct of the sparrow.



THE LATE HON. W. L. SCOTT.

PERSONAL.

Among all the celebrated self-made men of this great country none has had a more brilliantly successful career than the Hon. Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, who died at Newport, Rhode Island, September 20th. As a boy he served as a page in the House of Representatives, and eventually saw himself elected a member of that body in the Fiftieth Congress, representing the Erie district of his State. Mr. Scott was also a prominent member of the Democratic Central Committee during the Presidential campaigns of 1884–8. During his term in Congress Mr. Scott was practically the leader of his party in the House, and a trusted and confidential adviser of President Cleveland, but subsequently declined a re-election, preferring to return to private life. Mr. Scott was one of the largest operators in and miners of bituminous coal in the country, being one of the so-called "coal barons" of Pennsylvania. He was also largely interested in various railroads, and occupied a prominent place among the financiers of this country, and was well known and highly respected as a public-spirited citizen. Mr. Scott made his home at Erie, but had also a palatial residence at Washington, which he established at the beginning of his Congressional term, and had maintained ever since. He was an extensive farmer, owning one of the largest and best-equipped stock farms in Pennsylvania. His horses were his especial pride, the list being headed by the famous Rayon d'Or, imported from Normandy at a cost of $33,000. He also owned a fine herd of blooded stock, which were successfully exhibited at fairs in the vicinity of Erie.

—Few men have filled their lives so full of successful accomplishment as the late John H. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore. In several of the professions he won more than ordinary distinction, and he was known beyond the confines of his own country as a practical philanthropist. He was the oldest student of West Point, the oldest railroad official in this country, and the oldest lawyer in his State. Becoming greatly interested in African colonization, he was prominent in founding the republic of Liberia, and more lately the King of Belgium sought his advice in carrying out similar projects. He was among the first to promote the building of railroads and telegraph lines in this country. By his varied talents he was able to obtain rest and recreation by changing his work, and thus to prolong his useful life.

—The sword which Ethan Allen carried when he demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga is now owned by H. Allen Hopkins, of Jackson, Michigan, a descendant of the old hero.

—Two Bowdoin College students, named Cary and Cole, have recently distinguished themselves by exploring the Grand Falls, in the interior of Labrador. The falls are higher than those of Niagara, and have hitherto had only a legendary existence.

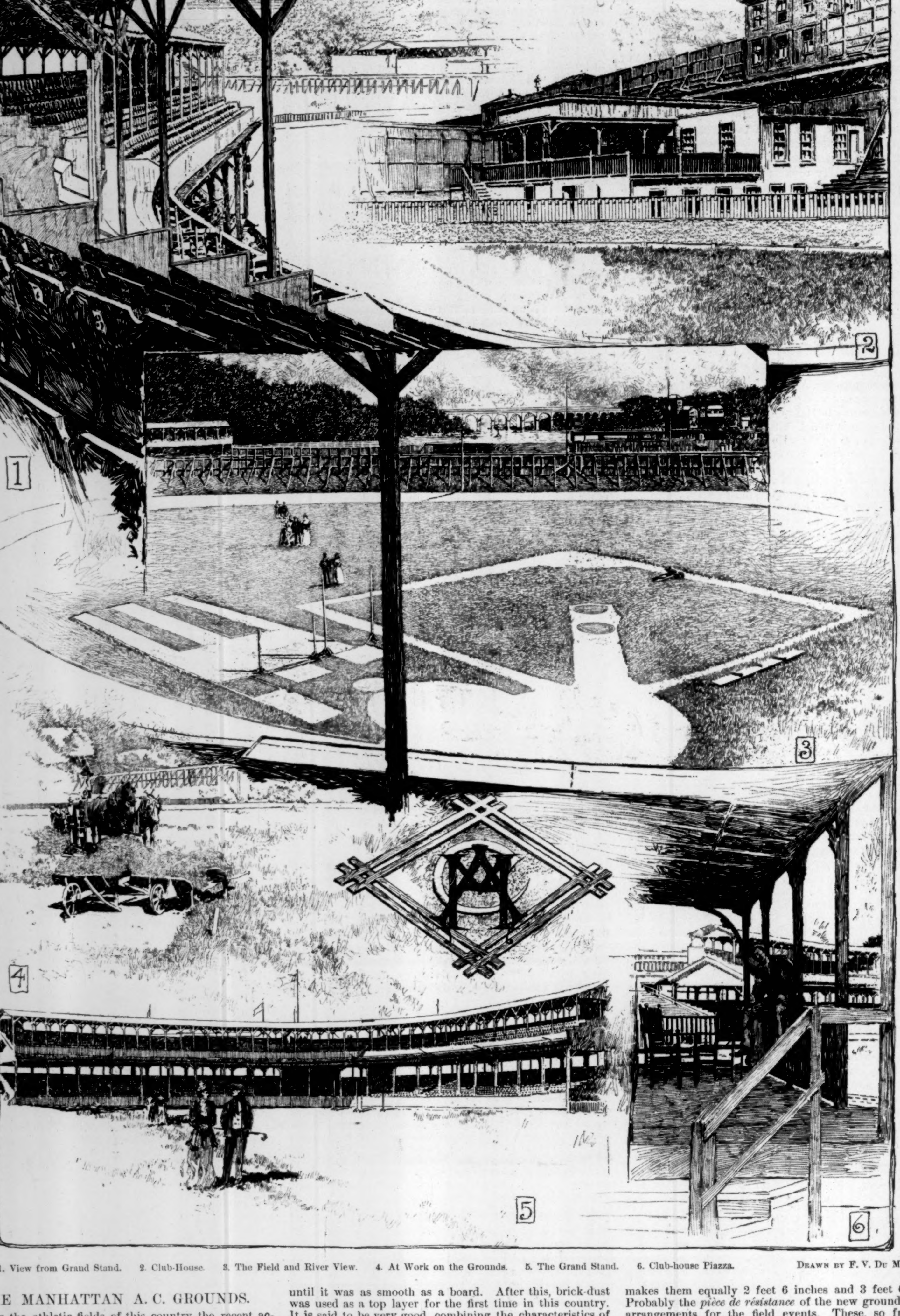
—Dr. Heman Lincoln Wayland, of Philadelphia, a son of the famous President Wayland, of Brown University, has just married Miss Frances Green, of Providence, Rhode Island, whose hand he is said to have sought over forty years ago, when he was a college student. The opposition of Miss Green's mother prevented the earlier consummation of their youthful hopes.

—Shibata Junzo, the greatest worker in lacquer that Japan ever produced, has just died at the age of eighty-five years. He enjoyed the especial protection of the imperial household, and had won many medals by his skill.

—Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, the son of the author, is to marry Miss Bergliot Björnson, the eldest daughter of the Norwegian poet, and a young woman of quite remarkable musical talent.

—Some of the former slaves of the South have not been slow to take advantage of the changed conditions of their section since the war. Senator C. N. Burton, of Fort Bend County, Texas, owns his old master's plantation and three other valuable farms in the State, while Milton Sterrett, of Houston, formerly a waiter on a steamboat, has made $400,000 by real-estate speculations, and lives like a prince on one of several plantations he has acquired.

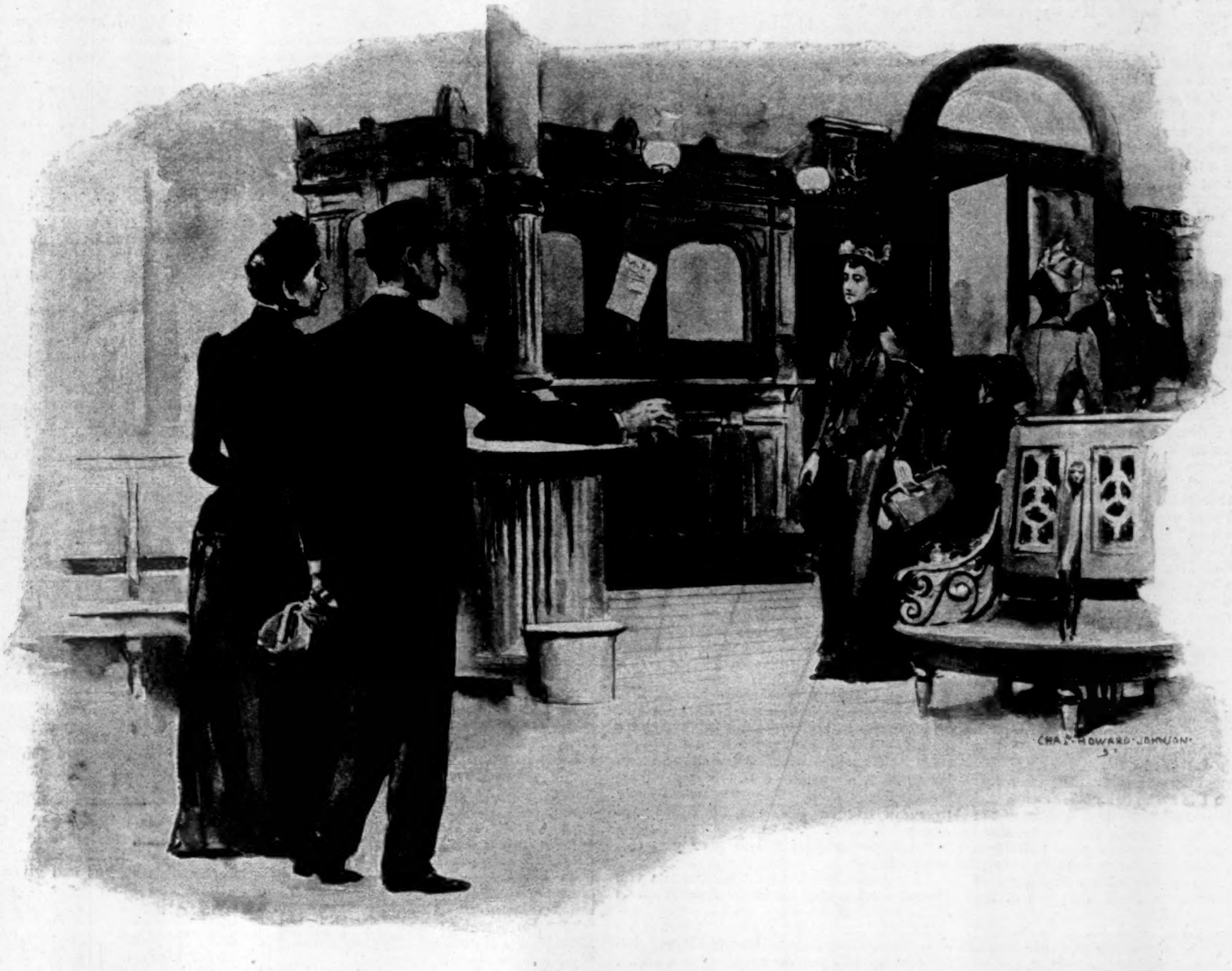
—Rev. Dr. Robert Spencer Lowell, who died recently at Schenectady, New York, was the elder brother of the late James Russell Lowell. He was the author of a number of stories and poems, but was best known by his religious novel, *The New Priest of Conception Bay*, the scene of which was laid in Newfoundland, where Dr. Lowell was for several years stationed as an Episcopal minister. Dr. Lowell studied both medicine and theology, and was for a time Professor of Latin at Union College.



1. View from Grand Stand. 2. Club-House. 3. The Field and River View. 4. At Work on the Grounds. 5. The Grand Stand. 6. Club-house Piazza. DRAWN BY F. V. DU MOND.

THE MANHATTAN A. C. GROUNDS.

AMONG the athletic fields of this country the recent acquisition of the Manhattan Athletic Club at 155th Street and Eighth Avenue will occupy a very prominent place. Nature has done very little for the field; on the contrary, the site was formerly a swamp, or really a part of the bed of the Harlem River, and the grounds had practically to be made. This mud bottom proved, however, to be a very fair foundation, and it has been so well built upon that the running-track is said by experts to be even now one of the finest in the country. If the times made on it at the Metropolitan championships, when it was used for the first time, are any criterion, a little age will make it a close rival of the Berkeley track, now claimed to be the fastest. It is not uninteresting to note how this new track was constructed: First, the mud river bottom was filled in with cinders; then it was covered with loam clay, and rolled and rolled until it was as smooth as a board. After this, brick-dust was used as a top layer for the first time in this country. It is said to be very good, combining the characteristics of both cinders and clay, being firm and springy, and yet porous enough to absorb the rain. The shape of the track is neither round nor elliptical; there is a 220-yard straight-away, which starts at the extreme left of the grounds and finishes at the bottom of the grand stand at an angle. The location of this track in relation to the grand stand is very unfortunate, for nothing of the race except the finish of either the 100 yards or 220 can be seen by the spectators in the left wing of the stand. There should be no danger of jostling among contestants, ten men can run in a heat of the sprints, and the track is thirty-three feet wide, which at the widest turn is increased to sixty-six feet. On the curves the track is graded four feet six inches, so cyclers may turn the corners with ease. The hurdle course is very fine, and the new hurdles are individual affairs of a patent that makes them equally 2 feet 6 inches and 3 feet 6 inches. Probably the *pièce de résistance* of the new grounds are the arrangements for the field events. These, so frequently neglected on athletic grounds, are here simply perfect. The running broad and high jumps, the póle vault, and any one of the weight contests may be carried on simultaneously, and the runway and landing-place for the jumps are the best that have ever been seen. The broad jump runway is 125 feet long. over a good path; that of the high jump and pole vault, 75 feet each. In the jumps the competitors are running parallel with the grand stand; in the shot the arrangement is similar; and in the 56-lb. weight and hammer they throw away from the grand stand into, in the latter case, a bed of clay, which enables accurate measurement. Within a stone's-throw of this field is the club boat-house, which is to be replaced by a handsome structure. There is also an enclosure for carriages, and for base-ball and foot-ball there are no grounds in the city to excel them.



AU TROISIÈME.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

MAMIE, trying the irons on the stove, went to the window and drew in the line, and took from it her white gown. At the other window, jabbing a knife into the sill, was a young fellow.

"That dress is a dead give-away, Mame," he growled. "You're going out again to-night with little Simpson."

Their mother, at the stove stirring a pot, paused, looking anxiously at her daughter, spoon uplifted.

"That's all right, mother," called the bright-eyed girl. "Harry's soured on the world, that's all."

"I don't like Mr. Simpson," said her mother; "he wears too much jewelry."

"Oh, it ain't real," laughed Mamie. She slammed an iron viciously. "Can't I have the least bit of pleasure?" she complained. "The Lord knows I worked hard enough for the sweaters all winter, never out once—sewing, sewing, sewing, till I was sick all over. Now I get a breath of air in the evenings, Harry has to make a fuss. And won't I have to work again next month?"

"Simpson's a Johnnie," returned her brother. "He wouldn't notice you if another girl came along."

"Oh, wouldn't he?" she asked, derisively. "All the same, the other girl hasn't put in an appearance yet. Oh, I say, mother, the hokey-pokey man's dead; there's black on their door."

"Black!" repeated her mother. "That reminds me. Won't you go ask Mrs. Leary to lend me her black cashmere for this afternoon?"

Harry's knife stopped its jabbing.

"Oh, I suppose so," answered Mamie. "But the last time she said all the third floor's relations must be dying off at once."

"What do you want the black dress for, mother?" asked Harry.

"She's going to General Grant's tomb," said Mamie.

"I've got to see your uncle Sam," answered the mother, hesitatingly.

"That crank," sniffed Mamie.

"I don't know what we'd do without him," sighed her mother.

"A measly twenty dollars a month," retorted the girl; "that's all he does for you. He sha'n't do that when I can help it. But"—with a glance at Harry—"he does more than some brothers do for their sisters."

"Ain't I going West to-morrow?" snarled Harry. "And won't I stop his money when I can?"

"Oh, West!" cried Mamie. "You'll come back again. What's the matter with Cherry Street?"

"I don't go to Cherry Street."

"Since when?"

"He's been home every night for over a month," interposed the mother.

"And you've been out with Simpson every night," cried Harry.

"Oh," jibed Mamie, "he's too cute for any use. *He* don't have to go to Montana to grow up with the country; *he's* the kind of man a girl don't go back on—not like you."

"No girl ever went back on me," he cried.

"Oh, didn't they?" laughed she.

He sprang up, and she cried out, getting back of her mother.

"This ain't a Whyo gang," she said. "A pretty man, to strike a girl!"

"Who touched you?" he retorted. "Only you keep a civil tongue in your head!"

"Oh no! nobody dares say a word about Cass Jamison—"

"Look out, Mamie; I won't have it!"

"Mamie," cried her mother, "stop! Here, I'll iron that dress. You go down to Leary's and get her cashmere. Go!" She almost pushed the girl from the room, and went to the ironing table.

The lad walked up and down the room. "Mother," he suddenly said, "I want you to tell me what you're going to Uncle Sam's for."

His mother kept on ironing. "I'm going to see him, that's all," she said. "I haven't seen him since they moved."

He looked at her keenly. "Mind!" he said, "not a word about me and my affairs."

"I've got enough to think about without that," she vouchsafed, fretfully, and got a fresh iron; "plenty to think about."

The young fellow leaned out the window, and she could not see his face.

Then Mamie came back with the cashmere. "There it is," she said. "It's a daisy, if you don't mind what you're saying. Oh, mother, she says the hokey-pokey man had the jim-jams."

"They mostly have here," returned her mother.

"She says four policemen had to hold him. One of 'em eat up all the ice-cream and had to go to the hospital. I'll finish that; you can't iron a bias ruffle worth a cent." She snatched the iron from her mother, singing, "'She's my Annie, I'm her Joe, soon we'll marry—'" and hummed thoughtfully, smiling at her thought.

Her mother was critically examining the borrowed garment. "That Dugan woman's had this," she said; "here's some of her snuff in the gathers."

Harry sauntered to the door. "Dinner'll be ready soon," his mother said; but he went out without a word.

Then his sister's iron went down. "Mother," she whispered, excitedly, "what did Oppenheim say?"

"He said," returned her mother, wearily, "that when he lent Harry the coat the fifty dollars were in the pocket; they weren't there when the coat came back. He says he'll hold off till eight to-night."

"If he'd waited till to-morrow, Harry'd been off to Montana."

"He said only till to-night."

"You're going to Uncle Sam to try to get the money?"

"What else can I do? If Harry's arrested it'll kill me! If I get to your uncle's at four, I'll catch him; he leaves the office at three. And, Mamie, I don't see how you could say that to Harry about your cousin Cassie."

"What's he going on about Mr. Simpson for? I could have Simpson to-morrow if I wanted to."

"I hope"—with alarm—"you'll not have him."

"What's the matter with him? I'm not stuck on myself or my relations. It's Uncle Sam that makes you and Harry so toney."

"You know we weren't always what we are now."

"That was before my time, I guess. Pop was a poor fiddler, but he was decent. I was never ashamed of him," and her voice quavered—"*never!*"

"Who was?" demanded her mother.

"Oh, you and Harry," answered the girl, tearfully. "You hardly noticed him towards the last; you broke up his violin when he died. What did you marry him for, anyway?"

"That's pretty talk from a daughter to a mother."

"Oh, rats! Well, you and Harry needn't fret. I don't take too much stock in Simpson. But he's a gentleman, and he treats me like a lady. But wait till I'm a type-writer; then I'll get in my work. You wait till next month."

She threw the white dress over a chair, and got a rakish-looking hat, and set about altering the trimming.

When Harry came in to dinner his mother was arrayed in the black cashmere. He ate little or nothing, sitting sullenly at the table. A piano-organ in the street played "Comrades," and Mamie hummed the tune. The children of the house were enjoying the halls. There was a sudden shock and a shriek.

"That's Edna McCurdy," placidly remarked Mamie. "I know her fall. She's learning to slide down the stairs on roller-skates."

The young fellow rose and, hands in pockets, went outside.

"Mother," said Mamie, "will Oppenheim arrest him if we can't pay the fifty?"

"Yes," answered the mother, harshly.

Mamie looked around her. "If we only had something to sell," she said. "I'd do anything to keep Harry out of trouble, upon my soul I would! Poor fellow! I blame Cassie Jamison for this."

"What has she got to do with it?" irritably asked her mother.

"You know Harry was always spoons on her," answered Mamie.

"She never noticed him."

"You mean Uncle Sam wouldn't let her. Ever since Uncle Sam told you she was engaged, Harry's let everything slide. Before that he never touched a drop, talked about poor men getting rich if they worked hard and watched their chances—"

"But you know Cassie never cared for him."

"Well, I *don't* know. He's good-looking, and— Who's she, anyway? She's no better than we are. Oh, I only wish I had fifty dollars! Say, mother—" and she paused.

"Well?"

"Never mind. I was only thinking— I wonder if Mr. Simpson—"

"Don't you dare to ask him for the money," sharply cried her mother—"don't you dare. Do you want Harry to know? It's all I can do to keep it from him now. I wonder Mr. Oppenheim hasn't told him before this."

"Only Mr. Oppenheim knew he wouldn't make anything by it. And Mr. Oppenheim *did* know you and I might manage it between us. It *is* queer, though, that Harry doesn't know a word about being accused. Still, mother, where *did* Harry get the money to go West with? But the idea of our Harry being called a thief!" she cried, indignantly, supplementing with, "the Jew!" in reference to the accuser.

"Well," said her mother, "all I can do is to see your uncle Sam. I daren't *think* he'll refuse me."

"Then don't," pertly remarked Mamie. "Tell him he needn't send any money for the next two months; we'll manage some way. 'She's my Annie, I'm her Joe—'"

Outside the room the mother met her son.

"Remember," he said, "you're not to mention me to Uncle Sam."

"Oh," she complained, "just as if a woman can't go see her brother. Am I never to go anywhere?"

He leaned over the railing and watched her go down the stairs. Mrs. Leary was at the door of her apartment.

"Mrs. Harned," she said, "Leary he's got bill-board tickets for the theatre to-night. I hope you'll send my dress back in time."

"Yes, indeed," humbly replied the borrower. "I'm only going to see my brother."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Leary, somewhat mollified; the whole house knew of Mrs. Harned's rich brother.

On the first floor the hokey-pokey man's children, washed as for a festival, were imbibing mint-stick, the centre of an admiring group.

"Say, Aurora Amelia," cried a girl, "didn't it take six cops to hold your daddy down?"

Aurora Amelia nodded acquiescence.

"Huh!" cried the interrogator, turning to the other children, "watchergivinus? You make me tired. Didn't I tell you six?"

Mrs. Harned outside went along for a few blocks, when she ascended an L station and sped to Harlem. There, after a walk of ten minutes, she came upon a vast brown-stone efflorescence. There were glass hall-doors here, and a page in a brazen uniform. Gayly striped awnings protected the hundred plate-glass windows from the glare of the June sun.

It was so grand that the poor woman stopped a little way down the street and smoothed her hair inside her bonnet, before she ventured nearer. She smiled a self-deprecatory smile on the hall-boy, she smiled on the elevator-boy; she was sure no palace had a finer marble floor nor richer stained glass.

Her brother lived *au troisième*, as she did, but how differently! A polished walnut door confronted her; she knocked timidly upon it, hating to touch the electric button and raise that whirring twitter inside.

But her knock was heard; the door was opened by a fair-faced girl in a soft trailing gown, with flutters of lace from chin to hem. She had beautiful brown eyes, holding in them the sadness that goes with just that shade of eyes.

"Why, Aunt Mary," she said, in a low sweet voice, a little startled, perhaps.

"How d'ye do, Cassie?" returned her aunt. "Is papa in?"

She looked past her niece into the room, and saw a man in a glowing plush chair, reading a paper.

He was clean-shaven, short-necked, stocky, with an overgrown face, from which there glimpsed out a power often allied to men who have begun life as far down as he and surpassed their environment.

The daughter was that occasional outcome of such a man and the weak effeminacy of a shallow pretty mother—a refinement that is puzzling to the beholder.

"Samuel!" said his sister, entering the room.

"Oh, Mary, is that you?" he replied, his eyes still on his paper.

"My! how nice it is here!" Mrs. Harned said, turning to her niece. "What curtains! And how quiet it is! I do love quiet."

"This is the first time you've been to see us since we moved," returned her niece.

"It's just grand," murmured Mrs. Harned, looking about her—"grand!"

"And expensive," interposed her brother, not averse to her admiration.

"Anybody can see that," effusively returned Mrs. Harned.

"It is *en suite*," he continued; "nine rooms all in one. The bath-room's tiled."

"Dear me!" ejaculated his sister. "You must be doing well, Samuel."

"So, so," he said, stretching. "Contracts are not what they used to be."

"Is Mamie well?" asked Cassie.

"Oh yes," said her aunt, "she's *well*."

"What's she doing?" asked Jamison.

"Well, Samuel," said his sister, "nothing just now; the overcoats nearly killed her. But next month she expects to type-write for Mr. Cohen; she's learning off a friend of hers."

"There's something in her," commented he. "As for Harry—" He shrugged his shoulders.

Cassie's eyes were on her aunt, waiting for what she should next say.

"Harry starts for Montana to-morrow," said Mrs. Harned. "You know I wrote you that last month."

Was Cassie's face a little paler?

"Mark me," laughed Jamison, "he won't stay. He's like a bad penny. I didn't have to go West."

"Oh," asserted his sister, "I'm sure he'll get on out there. Cassie, when will you be married?"

The question came oddly, immediately after Harry's name. The white face of the girl was red now. But her father answered for her:

"Kate and Yates will be married in the fall," he said. "She's getting ready now. There's a man for you! *He* didn't have to go West; New York was good enough for *him*. I tell you, Charles C. Yates will live on the Avenue yet."

"I'm glad to hear it," dryly responded his sister. "I only hope you may, too."

She shifted uneasily in her gorgeous chair. Cassie's eyes had never left her aunt's face. Jamison was softly whistling while he examined the backs of his hands. A clock with a cathedral chime struck five. Mrs. Harned thought of Mrs. Leary's parting injunction regarding the cashmere.

"Samuel," she said, tremulously, "I hate to bother you, but—"

"There!" he bounced out. "I knew it would come. It's about money, of course."

"It's about Harry," she said, and she could not keep back her tears.

"He's in trouble, I suppose?"

"For the first time. It's fifty dollars. He—he borrowed a coat from Mr. Oppenheim, the pawnbroker next door to our house; he borrowed it because his own was shabby, and he wanted to see about this situation in Montana. Well, it was Mr. Oppenheim's best coat, and he says he left fifty dollars in the pocket. When Harry took back the coat Mr. Oppenheim says the money wasn't there."

"Harry had spent it, of course."

"Sam, how dare you!" she began, angrily, only to amend her tone meekly. "I mean, how can you! Harry doesn't know a thing about it—I'm sure he doesn't. Mr. Oppenheim hasn't said a word to him about it, either, but came to me and told me. This morning he told me if he hadn't the money by eight o'clock to-night, he will arrest Harry."

"And you expect me to give you this money?"

"I thought maybe you'd advance it; you needn't send us any for the next two months and a half."

"Mary," he said, an unpleasant look in his eyes, "stop right there! Harry's a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow. He hasn't done a stroke of work for nearly a year."

"Not since you told him not to visit you."

"Hold on! That's got nothing to do with it. His father was lazy before him."

"Harned meant well," she sighed. "But he was never strong, and he liked pictures and music and— Oh yes, I often used to tell Harned—"

"Mary," broke in her brother, "laziness leads to anything—laziness is a crime. I bet idle Harry's going with a gang, and that fifty dollars—"

There was a swish of feminine garments. Cassie had left the room.

"I'm glad you spoke of this before her," Jamison went on, more quietly. "She's not treating Yates as I'd like. There was that nonsense between her and your Harry; it was his good looks; he looks like his father; it was Harned's looks that made a fool of you. No, Mary, not a word more. I won't give you the money; it would only be sending good money after bad. Look at the expense I'm under here, and all for Kate and Yates. You go see this Oppenheim fellow, and tell him you'll give so much a month. Then when I send you your money, you can pay him with that. Besides, Mamie will help you out. There's something in her, she's like our family."

"I'm afraid Mr. Oppenheim won't—"

"Oh yes, he will," he headed her off. "He only wants you to make him an offer. That's why he hasn't said anything to Harry. You'll see I'm right. Not a word more now. And get Harry West as soon as you can."

"He's going to-morrow, Samuel."

"Be sure he goes. Here!" he opened his pocket-book and took out a bill. "Here's something for a new dress; that one has seen its best days."

She folded her gnarled fingers over the note, thinking how she would pay it to Oppenheim at once. She was bewildered, excited.

The clock chimed the half-hour. It would take her an hour to reach home. Mrs. Leary would want the black cashmere.

"That's all, Mary," said Jamison. "I'm sorry I can't ask you to stay longer, but we've got an engagement, and—"

"Oh, I couldn't stay a minute longer," she said, rising. "I've staid too long as it is." She looked about her. "Where's Cassie?"

"I guess she's gone to order dinner. By-the-way, Mary," he said, "I wish you would call her Kate; that's her name."

"I'm so used to 'Cassie,' Samuel," she smiled, feebly.

"Well, I'll tell her you said good-by," he said. "Maybe she's with her chaperon."

"What's that?"

"I've got a lady, a widow, quite fashionable, to be a sort of companion for her. She has no mother, you know."

"I think she'd rather have a young lady friend," perhaps with a hazy thought of Mamie.

"Well, good-by, Mary, and be sure Harry gets off," said Jamison, brusquely.

She had a wavering desire for more speech regarding Harry, who Samuel evidently believed to have possessed himself of Oppenheim's money, but she was out in the marble hall, and the polished walnut door had closed on her. She sighed as she walked toward the elevator, thinking how she should approach Oppenheim, how she should explain to Mamie her failure to get the money.

Suddenly a hand was laid on her arm. There stood Cassie, as white as death, a longing, lingering look in her eyes.

"Aunt Mary," she said, hurriedly, "here is the money you wanted. It was intended for some of my wedding things. I shall not need it. Take it; pay that man. I know Harry is innocent—I *know* it!" She swayed, and her aunt put out a supporting arm. "Never tell Harry," she went on, repulsing the other's touch—"never! Only, if he hears you have seen me, tell him I am very, very happy, and that I love Mr. Yates with all my heart and soul. Now go."

She turned, and glided down the hall, her trailing garments making a slight swishing sound, like that of a leaf blown across a garden walk; and she was gone.

Did Mrs. Harned understand? She had grown sluggish with time and trouble. She only knew that she had the means to keep trouble away from Harry.

"Thank Heaven!" she said. "Thank Heaven!"

She must see Oppenheim at once, and pay him the fifty dollars. She entered the pawnbroker's, her head held high in the air, not as she had gone into that shop once before, when her husband and Harry both lay sick with the grippe, and there was no fuel, but there was a little gold bracelet her father had given her years before. She came from the interview with Oppenheim, her head still elevated, and with the addition of a bright color in her faded cheek.

"My," exclaimed Mamie, at sight of her, "how pretty you must have been when you were young, mother! Your visit's done you good. And," she continued, tying a gold-colored ribbon around the waist of the white dress, "what do you think? Oppenheim's been here. He must have guessed you'd gone to Uncle Sam's, and he knows Uncle Sam's in politics. That lost money was a fake. He says he found it in the lining of his coat this afternoon. Maybe I didn't give the Sheeny a piece of my mind!"

"I know," her mother said. "He told me. I went there to pay him the money." And in her open hand were the bills Cassie had given her.

"The boodle!" cried Mamie. "That's all right. I'll want lots o' things next month. I'll get a pair of russet shoes to-morrow, and you shall have a black lace dress, and—" Then her face clouded. "No, no," she said, angrily, "send it back to him; send it back to Cassie Jamison's father! Tell him just what Oppenheim told me and you. Send it back to-night yet, every cent of it. Write him a note, and post it yourself. I wouldn't touch a note to him with a forty-yard pole, so you'll have to post it yourself. The idea of me wearing anything bought with *his* money! Of course you saw Cassie? What did she have on? And here, get out of that dress! Nora Leary's been here twice for it. Do hold still!" For the unsheathing of her mother was going on while she talked.

Then the door opened, and Harry was with them. He looked at his mother uneasily, reproachfully.

"You ought to see how splendid they live, Mamie," she said, as though continuing a conversation. "The furniture's made out of all-colored plush mats; the curtains are real lace, not Nottingham; the bath-room's tiled. And Kate—I mean Cassie"—she gulped—"Cassie's very, very happy, she told me, and she loves Mr. Yates with all her heart and soul. Oh, Harry! Harry!"—she went to him, and hung on him, something nearly clearing in her brain at sight of his misery, now that she knew he was innocent of crime—"must I lose you, my boy, my only son, and me a widow?"

"I leave at eight in the morning, mother," he replied, almost tenderly. "I'll do what's right out there, you'll see. I'll have you with me yet out there. I'll get six hundred the first year. But—you didn't say anything about me at Uncle Sam's, did you?"

"I told 'em you was going West," she faltered. "Don't be mad at me for that, Hassie," calling him by his old pet baby name.

He took her face in both his hands, and kissed it where the tears ran down.

"I'll take this black rag home to Mother Leary," sung out Mamie. "'Soon we'll marry, nev-er to part, little Annie Rooney—'" She wiped her eyes as she went down the stairs. "And I thought Harry'd taken that money to go West with!" she said. "A dandy sister I am! The parrot-toed kid!" as Edna McCurdy skated across her path. "Poor Harry!" she sighed; "he's not in it."

And yet Harry was scarcely out of "it."

At seven o'clock the next morning his mother had him at the station. She did not know but Oppenhim might rediscover that the money was missing. Samuel had said she must get Harry off. She feared she knew not what on her boy's account. Up and down she walked him, saying little, noticing less; only clinging to him.

And then a strange thing happened. Suddenly Harry gave a cry, the like of which she had never heard before. Before them stood Cassie, tall and straight, in plain travelling garments, a leather bag in her hand. Her eyes were burning, like soul lights in her pale face.

"I am going with you," she said to him. "Hush, Aunt Mary! Not a word! This is between Harry and me. You have told me, Harry, that you loved me, and you surely do not doubt what you are to me? I am going with you. I can help you. You should have a wife with you."

"Wife!" gasped Mrs. Harned.

"Cassie," Harry was saying, in a suppressed voice, "I know I oughtn't to have doubted you; but, oh, my girl, I am so faulty. I have done so much that is wrong."

"Am I guiltless of those wrongs? Had you been sure of me, would they have been committed? Is there any one faultless past redeeming? Does not the Bible tell me to honor my father, and am I honoring him in going against what he thinks is his just authority? God knows us better than we know ourselves, or we should be a sorry lot indeed; and God, who has implanted it in our bosoms, knows what love is."

"Don't, don't," he said, huskily. "You break me up. Cassie, Cassie, you give up too much for me!"

"But I can give up no more," she returned, softly, "unless you say you are unworthy the love of any pure woman."

"No," he said; and in the way he said that little word his mother felt immeasurably removed from them, almost as though they had been raised to some elevation so far above that she was a mere spectator in a mass of others. The old puzzlement and bewilderment were on her; she kept pulling at the hem of her tear-damp handkerchief, wondering with a sort of dread what Samuel would say, and wondering with a fierce exultation if she had not brought around Harry's happiness by that visit to Samuel yesterday. As in a dream she maundered beside the two young people; as in a dream she went along with them to find a magistrate; as in a dream she heard the words of the marriage ceremony, like far-off, old-remembered music; as in a dream she was back in the station again, had handed Cassie the money the girl had given her the day before, and hurriedly stammered out the story of Oppenheim's "mistake." She stood there and heard the engine puff, saw the hurrying people, knew that Harry spoke to her, praised her, blessed her, kissed her; knew that Cassie kissed her and called her mother, and looked up to her husband—Harry, no longer depressed and wavering and useless, but a man with a new and conquerable world spread out before him.

And then she was alone on the platform, and the train had rolled away. She waited there a little while, trying to make it all out.

"How sudden it all was!" she said. "What ails my head? And oh, how tickled Mamie will be! Yes, I'll go home to Mamie. And what do I care for Sam? Ain't Harry happy? Harry 'll look after me and Mamie. Maybe I'll go to him, my dear boy, my handsome, brave, innocent darling! And won't Mrs. Leary be jealous? My gracious!"—and she stopped short—"what did Cassie mean yesterday by telling me that she was very, very happy, and she loved Mr. Yates with all her heart and soul?"

But had not Cassie answered that by her action of this morning?

THE BORGHESE GALLERIES AT CHICAGO.

THE news that the Roman government has finally consented to a repeal of the Pacca law, which strictly prohibits, under severe penalties, the exportation or removal beyond Italian territory of any of the art or archæological treasures in either public or private possession, cannot fail to prove of vast interest to the world in general, and to the United States in particular. For it involves the disposal of the most famous art galleries in the universe. There are no less than seventy-five celebrated collections of old masters in Rome alone, belonging to princely families, such as the Borgheses, the Dorias, the Odescalchis, etc., and inasmuch as Europe is at the present moment a vender rather than a buyer of rare and valuable paintings, it naturally follows that most of these *chefs d'œuvre* of ancient art which have hitherto been beyond our reach will find their way across the Atlantic to the western hemisphere in return for new American dollars, sorely needed by the impoverished Italian nobility. Indeed, it is understood that a well-known and enterprising firm of art dealers is already in treaty for the acquisition of the Borghese collection, comprising almost priceless Raphaels, Titians, Veroneses, Leonardo da Vincis, and Del Sartos, with a view to its exhibition as one of the chief features of the World's Fair at Chicago, prior to its sale, either *en bloc* or piecemeal, in the United States.

While the negotiations between the syndicate and the representatives of the princely house of Borghese are still in progress, and have not yet been definitely concluded, the fact remains that the dispersal of the Borghese, the Odescalchi, the Doria, and other equally famous galleries is about to furnish us with an altogether unique opportunity of acquiring, at relatively favorable terms, collections equal if not superior to any in Europe. When it is said that the conditions will be favorable to American purchasers, it is because there will be an almost entire absence of competition on the part of European buyers, owing to bad times there, while the noble Italian venders are in such dire straits for want of ready money that they will be ready to dispose of their paintings and statuary at almost any price. Indeed, their financial difficulties are of so aggravated a character that nearly all will hasten to avail themselves of the repeal of the Pacca law to at once convert their collections and galleries into hard cash, thereby causing the art market to become positively glutted with old masters.

The restoration to the Italian owners of artistic and archæological treasures of the right to dispose of their property as they list—a right of which they have been so long and so arbitrarily deprived—is due to the recent bankruptcy of Prince Paul Borghese, the chief of the famous and ancient house of that name—a name which has been borne by several of the most powerful and celebrated of the Popes. The prince failed for a sum of about $10,000,000, most of his liabilities being incurred in vast building speculations. Already a couple of years ago he found himself in difficulties, from which he was extricated at the time by the pontiff. Now, however, the Vatican is itself undergoing a period of financial depression, and is no longer in a position to assist its friends, and the time-honored name of the Borgheses has in consequence been dragged into the court of bankruptcy, precisely as if it had been that of some petty trader or small manufacturer.

The official receivers appointed by the court very quickly perceived that, in view of the low prices of real estate at Rome, there could be no prospect of effecting any satisfactory compromise of the extensive liabilities of the princely debtor unless he were permitted to dispose of the paintings and statuary contained in the twelve galleries of the marvellous Villa Borghese, just outside the gates of the Porta del Popolo, as well as in his other palace in the city. These, indeed, constituted almost his only assets; but they could not be made available as long as the obnoxious Pacca law remained in existence. Realizing that the failure to effect a settlement of the prince's financial situation would result in the ruin and misery of a vast number of his creditors, the government consented to repeal the statute, and to permit the sale of his art treasures to foreign purchasers (it was hopeless in the present condition of the kingdom to look for any Italian buyers), on the condition that he surrendered the exquisite park and gardens around the Villa Borghese to the state for a merely nominal sum.

The bargain driven by the government is less hard than it would appear at first sight, for the city of Rome possesses certain traditional but unwritten rights in connection with the property. The latter formerly belonged to the Cenci, but was confiscated by Pope Clement VIII. after the tragical death of Beatrice Cenci and her brothers on the scaffold, and was conferred upon a Prince Borghese, the favorite nephew of the pontiff just named. So great was the horror created among the people by the circumstances connected with the torture and murder of the Cenci family at the Castel San Angelo, that the Prince Borghese of the day hesitated for a time before venturing to assume possession of the estate. When he finally mustered up sufficient courage to do so, he endeavored to conciliate public opinion by proclaiming his intention of throwing open the gardens to the people on certain days of the week, and by thus rendering them beneficiaries of the crime, to efface the recollection thereof from their memory. Moreover, he undertook that if ever either he or his descendants were led by circumstances to dispose of the property, or to convert it to other uses than those of a park and gardens, the state or city should have the option of acquiring it at a price to be fixed by valuation. They were to have the preference over all other would-be purchasers, and the land was neither to be built upon nor to be applied to any other purposes without their consent.

A few years ago the municipality made clear that it possessed vested rights in connection with the park by securing an injunction from the courts to prevent the prince from arbitrarily closing its gates altogether to the public in revenge for some annoyance to which he had been subjected by the city authorities. The gardens of the Villa Borghese, I should add, constitute the only park worthy of the name within easy access of the city. Its absolute and full possession by the state or municipality for the use of the public will therefore prove an inestimable boon to the population. Hitherto it has only been open at certain hours of the afternoon on four days of the week, even Queen Marguerite herself being denied admission on one occasion when her carriage reached the gates thereof half an hour before the appointed time. Henceforth, however, the park will remain open all the year round, and the government has already commenced the construction of a broad roadway from the Pincio—up till now the only lungs of Rome—to the Villa Borghese grounds.

The Prince Paul Borghese, the unfortunate author of the ruin of one of the three greatest families in Rome, is reported by his friends and relatives to have been rendered insane by the disasters which have overwhelmed him, and to be at present under restraint in one of the Hungarian castles of his wife. The princess, formerly a woman of renowned beauty, is a member of the old Hungarian family of Apponyi, and possesses several châteaux and unproductive estates away in the wildest parts of Hungary, and it is in one of these fastnesses that her husband is asserted to be interned.

It is quite possible that the prince has really lost his reason; it requires a more powerful mind and physique than his to bear up under such a disaster as the one by which he has been overwhelmed through his own indiscretion. He has dragged the grandest name in Rome—one which figures in huge letters above the main entrance of St. Peter's—into the mud; and while a few years ago he scarcely deigned to return the courteous bow of King Humbert when the latter took his afternoon drive along the shady avenues of the Villa Borghese Gardens, he now appears in the light of a suppliant before the throne of the Savoys—*une bonne petite famille de province*, as he was wont to describe them—begging for remission of the penalties which he has incurred by infraction of the law of the land.

So proud are the Borgheses that they regard their matrimonial alliances with the house of Bonaparte and that of Torlonia in the light of misalliances. Their connection with the former was through the marriage of one of the cadets of the family to Pauline, the beautiful sister of the first Napoleon. Her charms were immortalized by Canova in his incomparable statue of Venus, which constitutes one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Villa Borghese galleries, and it is to her that is ascribed the well-known reply to an inquiry as to whether she had not felt uncomfortable at the idea of posing for the sculptor in such an exceedingly airy raiment:

"Oh dear no; it was quite warm and comfortable. For I had had two large fires lighted in the room."

It is more easy to understand the objections of the Borgheses to the connection with the Torlonias, who owe their ducal rank to their enormous wealth, obtained through banking, and who are of very plebeian origin. For the marriage of Prince Julius Borghese—a cousin of the head of the house, Prince Paul, who has just come to grief—to the daughter of the late Duke of Torlonia, was purely a money match. For the princess is not altogether in her right mind, while both her mother and sister are hopelessly insane. She, however, inherited at her father's death a fortune estimated at $20,000,000. Under the circumstances it seems strange that her husband should have failed to come to the assistance of the head of his family, and thus saved the name of Borghese from disgrace. His refusal to do so is attributed at Rome to a desire to be revenged on his cousin for the intolerable disdain and contempt with which the latter had treated him since his marriage.

Another famous collection about to be dispersed, now that the Pacca law has been repealed, is that of the Princes Odescalchi. The latter have been driven in late years to all kinds of queer expedients of replenishing their empty coffers. Thus the head of the house has established on the ground-floor of his superb palace at Rome an agency for Hungarian wines, where the latter are not only disposed of wholesale, but also retailed by lovely Hungarian girls dressed in Magyar costume.

THE BROADWAY CABLE ROAD.

NEW YORK is not a Puritanical city, everybody knows that, but it is perfectly safe to assert that since the Broadway Cable Road began tearing up the main thoroughfare of the town there has been more "cuss words" uttered than have ever been heard before on Manhattan Island. "The next man who tears up Broadway after this is over should be lynched," said an angry man, who dodged a loaded beer wagon lumbering over one of the "rustic" bridges which span each crossing. He had the profound sympathy of the by-standers. The Broadway people, in their petition to the Mayor and Aldermen for permission to lay the cable, declared it would revolutionize the roadway. For the first time within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" a street railway company has kept its word. Broadway has been revolutionized beyond recognition; for four months and more it has been a yawning abyss, surrounded by extemporized fences, pasted all over with theatrical "snipes," mud from curb to curb, or raising a stifling dust.

The cable road—in fact any system of street-car propulsion—has a curious effect upon the travel up and down any highway it may occupy. It undoubtedly regulates the traffic more completely than the entire Metropolitan Police force could do if concentrated at any one given point. "Power," that mysterious word carries with it a force characteristic of the word itself; it will be found, when the cable starts in on its endless journey, that the law "keep to the right" will enforce itself as it has never been enforced in New York city. So, in spite of the enormous discomfort which the building of the road has caused the public, the cable will benefit the street, simplify the traffic, and in the end really revolutionize Broadway. The work of laying the cable is the A B C of engineering; the difficulties to be overcome are connected with the labyrinth of gas and water mains, sewer, telegraph, electric light, and telephone wires in their underground conduits. All these changes are made, too, at the expense of the railroad company; but the various electric companies have taken this as an opportunity to lay additional conduits, change those already down, and generally improve and extend their underground plant.

To give some idea of the work of moving pipes, etc., there are twelve gas-mains—six on each side of Broadway—a sewer in the middle of the street, and over this a 36-inch Croton main; all these have to be taken into consideration in laying this road. Frequently, as is the case at Canal Street, they find a 36-inch Croton main immediately over a 24-inch gas-main, and the laying of the cable makes it necessary to place the Croton main under the gas-main. This is an interesting feat of engineering, but commonplace enough nowadays. To shut off the gas during the change, the main is cut through at two points and a rubber bag inserted, which operates like an exhaust upon the gas pressure; with the water they apply the two nearest stop-cocks.

The endless cable is as old as the history of applied mechanics. A very popular and easily understood use of it can be learned from the old-time "rope ferries," numbers of which still exist all over the world.

The system consists simply of an endless wire-rope placed in a tube (having a narrow slot from one-half to three-quarter inch wide, the latter being standard width), beneath the surface and between the rails, maintained in its position by means of sheaves, wheels, or rollers. The rope is kept continuously in motion by a stationary steam-engine at either end of the line, or at any convenient point between the two extremes. In the case of the Broadway system there are to be two "power-houses"—one at the corner of Broadway and Houston, with a frontage of 125 feet on Broadway, running through 225 feet to Mercer. The machinery will be placed in the basement, excavated to the depth of 40 feet, and the upper stories of the building will be used for business purposes. The machinery here situated will operate the cable from the Battery to Thirty-seventh Street; the revolving wheels are to be 36 feet in diameter, and will drive the 13,000 feet of wire cable.

The other power-house will be placed in the car stables at Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street. This house will work about six thousand feet of rope, from Thirty-seventh Street to the Park. The "grip" is an attachment at the end of a vertical steel rod connected with the car, and passing through the narrow slot in the tube, transmits the motion of the cable to the car. The speed at which the car moves is determined by the rapidity of the cable, this being regulated by the revolutions of the driving-wheel of the stationary engine. This wire-cable system was first applied in San Francisco, where the steep gradients of some of the streets rendered the use of horses expensive or impossible, and was first introduced on the Clay Street Hill Railroad in August, 1873, by Andrew S. Hallidie and his associates. The unqualified success of this road led to the extension of the system all over the country.

This Broadway cable road, because of the great traffic on the street, is very heavily constructed. The road-bed and yokes rest upon concrete piers 45 feet long, 18 inches wide, and 6 feet deep, and the tube itself is incased solidly in concrete 6 inches thick. In addition, the slot rail is securely braced and riveted to each track. Usually speaking, the yokes upon which the tube rests are placed 5 feet apart, but in this construction they are placed but 4 feet 6 inches apart, to give additional solidity. The yokes generally in use are 36 inches high; but when the contractors began to excavate, they found that at that many inches below the surface of Broadway, added to the foundations for the piers, Hades was plainly in view.

The great Croton main, resting on the sewer, came in sight. To change both these constructions was absolutely impossible; the only thing that could be done was to change the yokes to 30 inches. This necessitated a complete new set of plans; and besides this, nearly two miles of tubing and yokes had already been delivered. One great blessing conferred upon the driving community will be the disappearance of the old T bearing rail, and the first use in this city of the "slot," or grooved rail, with which all European travellers are familiar. How this rail will work after a hard freeze has followed a thaw remains to be seen. Two duplex $1\frac{1}{4}$-lb. cables will be run through each conduit; one, of course, constantly in use; the other in case of breaks, which are liable to occur, particularly on a newly laid road. The "cable drums," *i.e.*, huge cylinders around which the cable is wound in the power-houses, are 32 feet in diameter; there are also smaller ones of 10 feet.

The width of the "ditch" with which Broadway has been ornamented since June last is 15 feet; depth at yokes, 3 feet; and at man-holes, 4 feet. The car rails weigh 31 pounds to the yard, and the slot rail 67 pounds; the gauge has not been altered at all, and remains at 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The strain on each cable is about 12,000 pounds, and to operate it under ordinary circumstances requires about 2000 horse-power, although twice that amount can be furnished in an emergency by the machinery to be erected. The section under the control of the Houston Street power-house covers $4\frac{24}{100}$ miles, and the other one $2\frac{24}{100}$ miles.

The "grip" really consists of two lever bars or frames, one sliding inside the other. The outer one is secured to the grip bar on the forward truck by bolts, and carries the lower jaw; while the inner frame, which slides up and down upon the outer one, carries the upper jaw, the quadrant, the operating lever, and adjusting mechanism, and is held in place by guide plates extending across the inside frame, and between which it slides. The frame carrying the jaws of the "grip" passes through the slot, directly down alongside of the cable, without offset.

The grip bar on which these parts are mounted is secured and supported on a frame on the forward running gear or truck, and not on the car itself. The car body, therefore, can be mounted on springs, without any of the spring motion being imparted to the grip, and through it to the cable. When the car is at a standstill, the cable passes along over the chilled iron grooved rollers, 14 inches in diameter, at each end of the lower die or jaw. The lever operating the grip is then inclined forward. When the gripman desires to start the car, he draws the hand lever back. This cable road will also necessitate an entire new outfit of rolling stock. The new cars will be 29 feet over all, and an ornament to Broadway—at least so it is promised.

Mr. John D. Crimmins has been the contractor for the entire work, while Major G. W. McNulty, whose connection with the Brooklyn Bridge has given him a world-wide reputation, is the engineer-in-chief for the Broadway and Seventh Avenue road, and superintends the entire construction. Although Mr. Crimmins took the entire contract, he has found it expedient to sublet certain portions of it, principally, the excavating; this simplifies matters very much, and facilitates construction. One of the impossible nuts to crack was the New York steam-heating pipes below Cortlandt Street. It cost the railway company just $100,000 to "crack it," the heating company agreeing to discontinue their privilege for this slight consideration. Very kind of it, was it not?

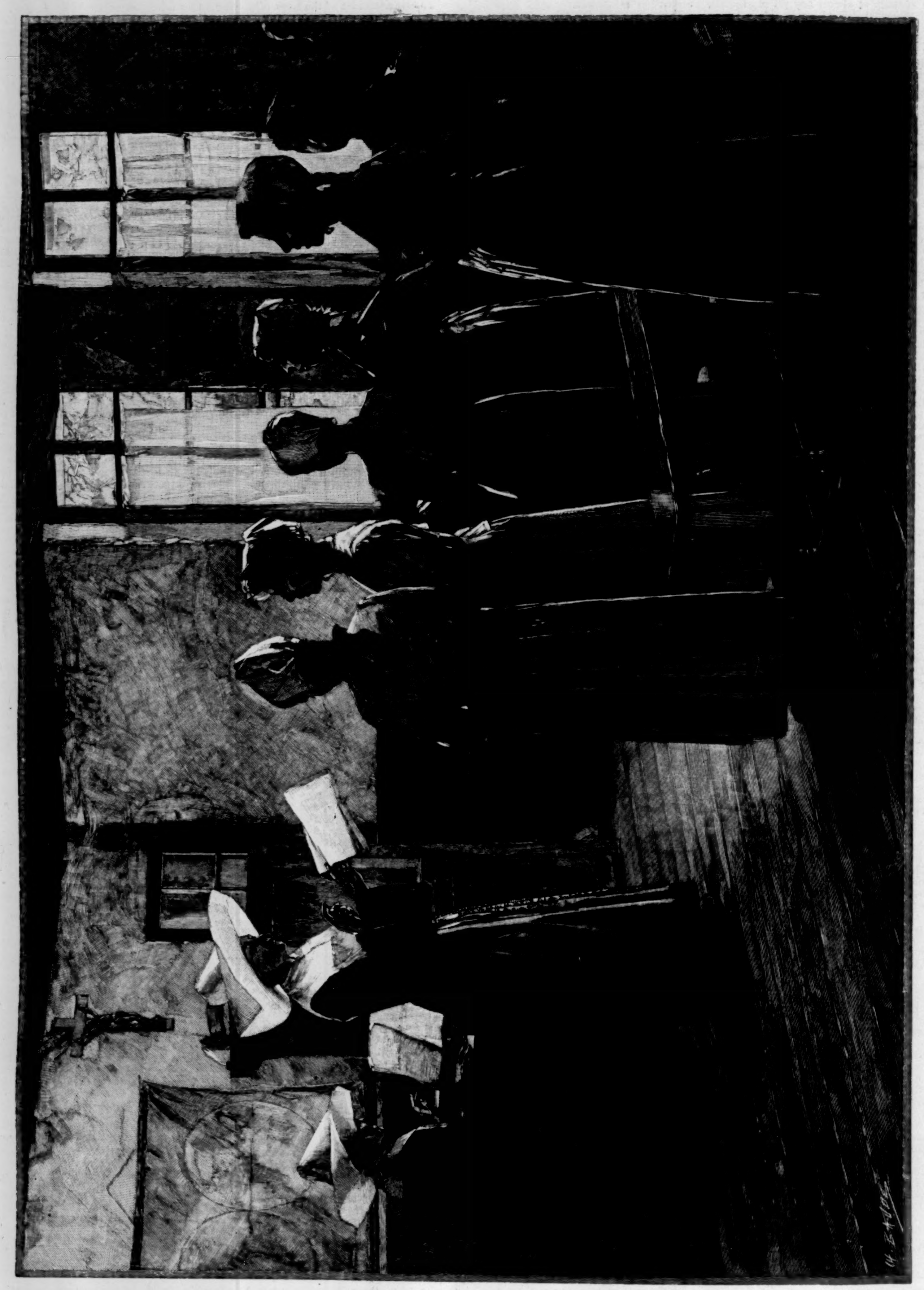
The power behind the throne in this cable work is the well-known Philadelphia syndicate, Messrs. William M. Kemble, William L. Elkins, and Peter A. B Widener. These gentlemen are justly called the street railway magnates of the world. They control 95 per cent. of all the street railways in Philadelphia in their Traction Company (by-the-way, an admirable word that "traction," *i.e.*, the act of drawing, or state of being drawn); also, nearly all Chicago's railways, and other lines in Baltimore, Pittsburg, etc., etc. Mr. Kemble, whose career is too well known to be dilated upon here, is said to be the real brains of the concern. Mr. Elkins is a successful oil merchant, and is generally supposed to be very close to the Standard Oil Company in their Philadelphia business. "Pete" Widener, as he is generally known in Philadelphia, began life as a butcher, gravitated into politics, and was elected City Treasurer, an office since rendered famous and infamous by "Honest" John Bardsley.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

"THE PLAIN-CHANT."

IN the illustrated catalogue of the Paris Salon of 1891 the following mention is made: "687 Gay (W.), H. C. Le plain-chant." This is the charming picture that is reproduced on page 724, and a worthy successor of the paintings that have held a place in the Salon for the past few years, which won for him the enviable "H. C.," as the catalogue puts it. The initials stand for *Hors Concours*, which may be interpreted as "out of it," which expression is, in fact, the antithesis of the modern slang "not in it." When a man is "out of it," in the phrase of the noble jury of the Salon, he is removed beyond competition. He can win no medal and no further honor, but he may exhibit at the Salon year after year, and have no fear of receiving his masterpiece back again as "rejected."

Walter Gay was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, January 22, 1856. He began a business career, but, his health failing him, he went to Nebraska in 1872 and essayed the life on a cattle ranch. A year later he returned to Boston and engaged in flower-painting, and in 1876 had a subject entitled "Fall Flowers" exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial. He then went to Paris and became a student of Bonnat. Three years afterward he was impressed by a journey to Spain, which brought about his first important picture of "The Fencing Lesson," which picture won a place in the Paris Salon of 1879. Since that time he has won much success as a genre painter, and in 1885 received honorable mention from the Paris Salon for his picture of "The Spinners." His earlier important works include "Landscape," "Fast Asleep," "Unsuccessful Musician" (1878), "The Trained Pigeons" (1880), "Troubles of a Bachelor" (1881), "The Knife-Grinder" (1882), "Armorer" and "Conspiracy under Louis XVI." (1883), "The Apprentice," "The Cabbages" (1884), and each year has added to his fame. Mr. Gay has likewise exhibited in New York and Boston, and is a nephew of Winckworth Allen Gay, famous as a painter of mountain and sea-coast scenery.



"THE PLAIN CHANT."—From the Painting by Walter Gay, in the Paris Salon of 1891.—[See Page 723.]

H. P. Baily. E. W. Clark, Jun. G. B. Warder. G. S. Patterson. H. I. Brown.
F. E. Brewster. Newbold Etting. D. S. Newhall (Captain). D. P. Stoever. R. D. Brown.
W. C. Morgan, Jun. J. W. Sharp. Walter Scott.

THE PHILADELPHIA CHAMPION TEAM OF 1889.

CRICKET IN AMERICA.

BY CHARLES BLANCKE.

FEW of the *habitués* of the cricket-ground who watched the feeble efforts of American cricketers to defend their wickets against the bowling of Parr's professionals in 1859 would have ventured to predict the improvement that has taken place in their play since that date. The evolution from a nerveless, scienceless twenty-two to an eleven of bright, active young fellows, keen of eye and skilful of hand, has been most complete. Chronic disparagers of their countrymen's abilities were wont to declare that the American's lack of patience would prove an insuperable obstacle to his success as a batsman. And yet the American cricket field has developed stonewallers, in the persons of William C. Morgan, Jun., and Walter Scott, possessing patience enough to stock Barlow or Hall.

The game of cricket possesses in itself all the essentials of first-class amateur sport. It has not inaptly been called the gentleman's game. No sport in the amateur category appeals more forcibly to the noblest instincts of our nature. Politeness, courtesy, and forbearance towards opponents, unquestioning submission to the authority of the umpire, patience, skill, and activity, are alike demanded from the votary of the sport. Possessing such passports to favor, it is not strange that Americans have adopted it as a standard pastime.

Cricket undoubtedly owes its introduction to American soil to the enterprise of the sport-loving Englishman. As far back as the year 1751, we have a record of an international match between eleven colonists and an equal number of "merrie men" hailing from London, which resulted in the discomfiture of the surprised cockneys. From the year 1770 until the outbreak of the Revolutionary war cricket seems to have been much affected by men of fashion, who practised regularly on grounds set apart for the purpose. Crude were the implements used in those days, and rough were the grounds, but they did not seem to detract from the enjoyment experienced by participants in the sport.

Cricket was first introduced into Boston in 1809, where a regular club was started under the name of the Boston Cricket Club. Following the progress of the game still further, we are brought to the next important event, the founding of the St. George's Club, of New York, in the year 1830.

Purely American cricket does not appear to have made much headway prior to 1854. Strong clubs there were, and of cricketers there was no lack, but of American players there was a sad scarcity.

In the days of the fifties cricket took a sudden bound into popularity, clubs sprang up in every direction, professionals were engaged to impart instruction to aspiring cricketers and to strengthen the weak points of the elevens. In the cities of New York and Philadelphia every available piece of ground was eagerly snapped up by cricket clubs.

To the Young America Club, which was founded in 1855 by the younger brothers of the members of the Germantown Cricket Club, belongs the honor of instituting a school of purely national cricket. Circumstances conspired to deprive Young America of the advantage of regular professional coaching; its members were consequently thrown upon their own resources, and it is small wonder that their form exhibited peculiarities distinctly individual in character.

The year 1853 ushered in the international matches between Canada and the United States. The first match was played on the Red House grounds, Harlem. It was won by the United States team, which was composed entirely of English resident cricketers. In the following year another important series was started, which was designed to test the relative merits of English and American resident cricketers. So superior were the Englishmen considered at the outset that they were able to take the field against eighteen Americans. This humiliating state of affairs continued until 1859, when the native contingent had the satisfaction of meeting their erstwhile conquerors on even terms, and of administering two successive defeats to them. The early struggles of the American amateurs to obtain recognition from their British brethren would form an instructive chapter in the history of the game. Previous to the year 1859 the sport had been entirely in the hands of the English cricketers, who viewed with distrust the proposition to give Americans a representation on all-United States elevens, probably recognizing in the innovation a menace to the prestige they had so long enjoyed. The formal declination of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York to be represented on amalgamated elevens was the beginning of a movement that was destined to throw the responsibility of maintaining the credit of national cricket upon American shoulders.

In the year 1859 Americans were for the first time called upon to face bowling of the highest class. A strong team of English professionals, captained by the great George Parr, visited our shores. The excellent all-round play of these worthies was a source of admiration and delight to the native players, who felt that the shekels so freely poured into the visitors' pockets were well bestowed. About this time bowling underwent a great change. Hitherto professionals had enjoyed almost a monopoly of round-arm bowling, the amateurs having been content to confine their attention to underhand bowling. Now, however, American amateurs begun to master the art of round-arm bowling, and it was to the rapid acquirement of this delivery rather than to their skill in batting that they owed their superiority over the resident English amateurs.

Troublous times were now in store for America. The peaceful implements of mimic contests were exchanged for the sinews of war. Clubs were disbanded, never to be reorganized. At the close of the war cricket seemed to fall under the ban of popular disfavor; the more quickly played game of base-ball supplanted it as a national pastime, and many cricketers forsook their early love to follow the train of the new idol. Indeed, if it had not been for the efforts made by the Young America Cricket Club, cricket would probably have died out altogether. This club, being composed mostly of the younger brothers of those in the army, made its reputation during the war-times, playing against English residents, etc., and it did more than all the other clubs combined to prevent the death of American cricket under base-ball pressure. Encouraged by the example set them by Young America, other clubs were organized, and little by little cricket began to get on its legs again, until the game once more became firmly established as a gentleman's sport. The matches between Willsher's all-England eleven and twenty-two Americans in 1868 did not redound to the honor of American cricket; in fact, the batting of our cricketers showed but little improvement in form over their display against Parr's team. In bowling, however, the native players showed up remarkably well, for whereas in 1859 the burden of the attack was borne by the English professionals attached to the various clubs, the bulk of the bowling in 1868 was done by American amateurs.

There now appeared to be a general desire to see how American amateurs would figure against an eleven of English gentlemen. This feeling led to the visit of Fitzgerald's team, captained by W. G. Grace, then in the zenith of his fame. The progress of this powerful team was a triumphal march until it reached Philadelphia. In that city the distinguished visitors were barely able to secure a hard-earned victory, thanks to the fine bowling of Spencer Meade and C. A. Newhall. The last match of the tour in Boston resulted in a draw. American batting now began to exhibit a very marked improvement. The star of R. S. Newhall was in the ascendant, and such excellent cricketers as John Large, R. N. Caldwell, F. E. Brewster, etc., were coming into prominence.

In the year 1874 the Philadelphia gentlemen competed in an invitation tournament with the officers of the English garrison quartered at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and an all-Canada eleven, defeating the strong elevens opposed to them with ease. A return tournament held in Philadelphia in the following year effectually proved the ability of American amateurs to hold their own against any competitors on this side of the water. But a still greater triumph was in store for Uncle Sam's followers. A picked eleven of Australians, having defeated the flower of the English cricket field, including the celebrated M. C. C. of London, were induced to return to Australia by way of New York and San Francisco, playing in the principal cities of America and Canada *en route*. In accordance with their usual custom on such occasions, New York and most of the other cricket centres pitted eighteen or more men against the redoubtable visitors. Only in Philadelphia was a departure made in this time-honored custom, the Quaker City authorities wisely deciding to accept no favors from the visitors, but to play them man to man. Every cricketer knows how nobly the Philadelphia amateurs justified the confidence of their committee. No longer oppressed by a sense of inferiority, they played the Australian bowling with such skill and judgment as to surprise not only their friends, but the Australians themselves. I can recall nothing finer in its way than the

(Continued on page 732.)

NUMBER 846.

BY THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

NUMBER 846 stood at the rotary wringer in an attitude that had become quite characteristic—shoulders drooping, wet hands on the copper edge, eyes on the stream of water that poured from some forty suits of striped clothing—jackets and trousers—that he received wringing wet and turned out absolutely dry every sixty seconds. He had been doing that very thing ten hours a day for four years; he would continue to do it, provided he lost no good time, for nine years more. Then he would leave the gray walls of the prison with the consciousness of having settled honestly with the State for his part in the robbery of old Greenbaum, the pawnbroker. Perhaps he would not think it at all satisfactory to have squared accounts with the State. Indeed, one is not given much to moralizing when one is working out a sentence of fifteen years at hard labor.

A young girl stood beside him. Number 846 was aware of the fact, although he had never once raised his eyes to look at her. She was merely one of a party of visitors to the prison, and visitors were quite common. Moreover, a convict is not permitted to pay any attention whatever to visitors. Number 846 knew just about what she was like, however. Light hair, pink cheeks, a white throat, and a pretty dress, of course. He caught the faint odor of violets, and assumed that she wore them at that same white throat. The girls on the Bowery, with whom, by-the-way, he used to be quite popular in the old days, wore them there, he remembered. Indeed Number 846 had been quite a Bowery Brummel before he had the hard luck to be sent up for his very first offence. She amused him a little, however, and for this he thanked her. Why did she stand there after the others had moved away to the next machine? Why did she stand so close to him that he could distinctly hear her breathe in spite of the noisy whirring wringer? He knew he was rather good-looking, but certainly not under the disadvantages of a cropped head of hair and an ill-fitting suit of striped clothes. He smiled a little. He would tell his cellmate about it in the evening, and they would laugh together. He was rather more startled than amused, though, a moment later. She had spoken to him. He did not understand what she had said, and for a moment he paid no attention to her. There is a trifling little visitation of two days in the dungeon on bread and water for speaking to a visitor, to say nothing of the loss of thirty days good time. The long terrible nine years more loomed up before him, and then for a moment the old spirit of bravado came back.

"What?" he whispered, and was frightened even at the sound of the whisper.

"What are you thinking about?" she repeated, bending just a trifle closer.

Number 846 swore a tremendous oath under his breath. The idea of risking such punishment for such a silly question! Had the girl no sense at all? Involuntarily he raised his eyes just for a moment, and looked at her; and he looked into a pair of eyes that seemed as serious as those of the Holy Mother's in the picture his own mother used to pray before. If he had answered the question before he had looked at her, he would have answered it just as he would have answered the same question from one of the Bowery girls. He would have said, "You." Then he would have enjoyed her discomfiture, and later he would have boasted of having flirted right under the eyes of the guard. But for some reason or other he answered it differently, and so strangely that he almost seemed to be for a time some one else than Number 846.

"Suicide!" he answered.

"I knew it," she said, very simply. "Here, take this; no one is looking. It must be terrible to be here. I have often thought about it. I know that I should commit suicide within a month if they sent me here; but I suppose it must be awfully hard to get a chance."

Mechanically Number 846 opened his hand, and felt hers touch it. Then he knew that she had placed a little package in his fingers, and had hurried away. It was the work of but a moment to hide the package in his jacket, and then he was again a part of the machine.

"Patrick Connors, Number 846," said the warden the next day in his special report to the Governor, "had always been one of our most exemplary men. He was a good worker, cheerful, and obedient. Yesterday afternoon, however, he became possessed of a quantity of laudanum, and in the evening, about eight o'clock, committed suicide by swallowing it. Before doing so he had a severe fight with his cellmate for the possession of the bottle containing the poison, and nearly killed the latter in the struggle. They appear to have tacitly agreed to make no noise, and consequently the guards were not alarmed. His cellmate, Number 785, states this morning that he fought for the bottle in order to prevent Connors from committing suicide. I am not inclined to believe his statement, however, as the occupants of adjacent cells who heard much of their conversation state that each was determined to do away with himself, and fearing that there was not a sufficient quantity to kill both of them, they fought for it. As a matter of fact, there was enough laudanum in the bottle to kill twenty men. Number 785 makes the remarkable statement that the poison was given to Connors by a young lady visitor who was entirely unknown to him. I would not be inclined to believe it were it not the fact that on the floor of Connors's cell I found this morning a short note written on perfumed note-paper in the characteristic angular hand of a society girl. It reads as follows:

"'I know that I am doing something terribly wrong, but you who receive this will bless me. I have often thought how terrible it must be to be in prison for a long time. I have lain awake at night-time, and again, trying to imagine in the darkness how it must seem to be all alone in a little cell where you have got to stay for years, perhaps for life. I would kill myself within a month if I were a convict. But you do not even get a chance to do that, so I hear. Here is the chance. The bottle contains laudanum. Swallow it, and you will never even feel the pain of death. Before you do, though, pray, if you know how, just once for ME!'

"In all probability some morbidly sensitive young girl, a member of one of the numerous parties of sight-seers who visited the prison yesterday, is responsible for this. I cannot imagine who it could be, nor do I think it possible to find out. We have been for months past unusually careful regarding the class of visitors permitted in the prison."

WHAT "REDDY" DID.

BY KATHARINE HARTMAN.

WHEN Charlie Havens left the fifth grade of School No. 7 he had completed his education, for that spring he went into the mechanical department of a daily newspaper to wash rollers, and be the general knockabout of a half-dozen or so superiors. The pressmen didn't like him; they threw paste and waste at him, and made life a burden generally for the red-headed, freckle-faced youngster whom they at once dubbed "Reddy." Mr. Williamson, the foreman, could see no earthly good in the boy, and the rest of the men followed suit, so Charlie had a pretty hard time of it all around. There was no use going to Williamson with his griefs, he would get no sympathy from him, and as for the people in the counting-room, they belonged to another world altogether than the one bounded by the windowless walls of the press-room.

Twice Charlie had found it necessary to pound a couple of the newsboys who had been more than ordinarily impertinent, and as many times the policeman, who was kept in the alley to preserve order among the young Arabs, had arrested him, just out of pure malice, it seemed to Charlie. On these occasions the business manager had been notified that one of his "men" was in durance vile, and as many times the business manager had paid his fine, though he had never seen the boy.

The business manager did not come into the press-room very often, and when he did, of course the foreman did the honors. He would come over to see how that last car load of paper was running, if the ink that new firm had sent was spreading well, or if it filled in, and then, according to what the pressman's convictions or prejudices were, he went back to his office and dictated letters to the parties that they might send another car along, or that the ink last received was all dirt and grit and could not be used, and would be held here in storage until further orders.

One day, however, the business manager stumbled up against Charlie. The business manager was out of humor, which was unfortunate for the boy, for as he first met him, so would the business manager treat him to the end of the chapter.

"Well, what are you doing here?"

"I belong here."

"What do you do?"

"Everything."

Now if the business manager had not been out of temper he would have smiled at the thought of that almost dwarfed object doing everything, but as it was he frowned.

"What's your name?"

"Charlie Havens."

"Are you the boy that's always fighting?"

"I fight when I have to."

"Well, don't let me hear any more of it. The next time I hear about your fighting I'll discharge you;" and the business manager looked very much in earnest.

Charlie's face was as red as the crop of hair above it, and he only said, "Yes, sir," and moved away to some of his duties. He was decidedly awed by this big man, with his hands in his pockets, his immaculate white vest with the slender gold chain of his watch across the front, he was awed and at the same time he felt rebellious, and as if he was very much put upon. So he was not to be allowed to defend himself at all, he must just take the kicks and cuffs; but never mind, when he grew up and became a business manager, he would show them how to treat boys who worked hard and tried to do the very best they could.

Things went along pretty well with Charlie for a time, until one night as he was going out of the press-room into the dark alley, one of the boys, a bootblack, skulked around the corner, gave his box half a dozen swift swings, and hit Charlie a terrible blow on the back of his head. He felt a peculiar stinging shock, then all was dark, and when he came to himself he was lying on the sofa in the proprietor's private office, and the doctor from the drug store across the street was holding something to his nose that smelled like the stuff his mother put in her wash-water. Then he felt that his head was numb, and he remembered what had happened.

The doctor was saying: "He'll be all right now. It isn't anything serious. Just an ugly cut." And in a few minutes Charlie could sit up and tell how it happened.

The proprietor was there. "I'll have that boy hunted up and jailed," he said; and that healed Charlie's wound very fast.

Charlie rode home that night in the proprietor's own coupé, with the colored coachman sitting up in front, with a high hat, and a coat which touched the floor when he walked. Charlie was ordered to lay off work for a day or two, but he was in his place in the press-room the next morning at work just the same as ever.

Everything went well until one Sunday morning, when Mr. Williamson, tired and sleepy from being up all night, threw himself down on the bench in the corner of the mailing-room, a bundle of papers under his head, and went to sleep. While he was sleeping some one poured a funnelful of press ink down his neck, over the white shirt that he was to wear to early church that morning, spoiling beyond all hope nearly his entire suit of clothes.

On Monday morning a boy from the counting-room came over to the press-room with the message, "The business manager wants to see Reddy"; and Charlie was marched into the office.

"What is this I hear you have been doing now? Didn't I tell you I'd discharge you if I heard of any more of your performances?"

"I 'ain't done nothing," was the answer.

"Well, I should say not! Who poured ink all over Mr. Williamson yesterday morning when he was asleep?"

"I don't know."

"Was there anybody there but you?"

"I didn't see anybody."

"Of course you didn't. Now, my boy" (this in a very fatherly tone), "we can't have any one around here forever playing up such capers. We want a boy to work, not to play. You have been in mischief ever since you have been here, and I can't stand it any longer."

"What is the matter now?"

It was the cool calm voice of the proprietor, who had heard the business manager's earnest tones, and had opened his door to hear what it was all about.

The business manager explained the situation.

"And did you pour ink on Mr. Williamson?" asked the proprietor.

"No, sir."

Many a crimsoned prisoner at the bar of justice has said "not guilty" in a tone that has carried conviction of innocence; but this innocent boy, with his shifting weak blue eyes, very red hair, and embarrassed face, had not one item in his favor.

"You are quite sure?"

"Yes, sir."

The proprietor looked at the business manager, and that look the latter understood. He had seen it before. It meant that the testimony was all in, the district attorney's duty over, and the matter was wholly with the judge.

"You can go back to the press-room and go to work. I will look into the matter later;" and so Charlie was dismissed, and the proprietor went back to the crowd of politicians in the private office, and the business manager went on quoting rates to some big advertising firm in Chicago.

So Charlie's life went on. The foreman never forgave the ink affair, and Charlie's lines were harder than ever.

Once in a while the business manager came into the press-room, but he never noticed the boy; nobody noticed him; but what did he care for that? What did he care? Why, he cared so much that one day when he met the proprietor in the alley, and the pleasant-faced and pleasant-voiced man spoke to him, and called him "my boy," he went back to his work and tears fell on the inky roller he was washing. There is many a tender heart, many an appreciative and hungry one, behind the ugliest face.

A boy working about an engine, if he has any conception or inventiveness about him, will soon learn the principles upon which the machinery runs, and Charlie was naturally bright in this direction. He had dreams of being a master mechanic some day, and he began away down among the primaries, and picked up what he could. It was little, for Mr. Williamson did not allow any one to fool around the press engine, and he had threatened innumerable times to use Charlie's red head to heat the boiler.

One day the big edition of the day had been run, the last "fifty" had been taken from the packer, the men in the mail-room were wrapping like automatons, and Mr. Williamson and the pressmen had disappeared, as they had a way of doing after a long run.

Charlie was clearing up. He had piled the waste paper into the pit, turned off the gas-lights around the presses, and done the hundred and one little things that made up the sum of his duties. He was just about taking off his greasy ticking apron when he noticed that there was a smell as of something burning. He looked all around, the gas was out, and what a peculiar smell it was! Those who have smelled iron burning may know what it was.

His eyes instinctively went to the water-gauges of the boiler. They were all right, and showed the necessary depth. But while he was still looking, there was a sucking sound, and the water went down out of sight like a flash. Could he believe his eyes? What should he do in a case like this? Call somebody? Where was Mr. Williamson? Suppose they should all rush in, and just that minute the boiler explode and kill every one! The big rake stood by the door. He seized it, banged open the door of the furnace, and with a mighty sweep drew the glowing mass of red-white coals out on to the zinc. He never thought of running; he was not the kind of a boy to turn his back on danger. As the coals came piling out, some of them rolled against the apron he wore, which touched the floor as he stooped—an apron soaked with ink and press oil and kerosene. In an instant, and before he had dropped the rake from his fingers, a tiny flame leaped up from the hem unnoticed by the boy; wider it grew, and further up it leaped, until in an instant he was enveloped in flame from head to foot. He had presence of mind enough to leap into the tank and turn on the water, but it was too late. A wreath of flame had circled around the neck of his checked shirt; he had drawn a long frightened breath, and sucked in the fire.

They found him when they returned lying with his face half in the water, his clothes black and dropping to pieces, soaked with water, one poor little claw-like hand over the side of the tank as if appealing for help. They lifted him out, and laid him on the bench in the mail-room; the foreman wrapped his overcoat around him; the doctor from the drug store across the street was summoned. He came, and the business manager came, and the proprietor, and the office generally; and they crowded into the mailing-room, all curious.

The foreman saw at a glance how everything had happened—the water-gauges empty, the coals raked out in front, the boy with his burned garments. He pointed it out to the business manager and to the proprietor while they waited for the doctor to speak.

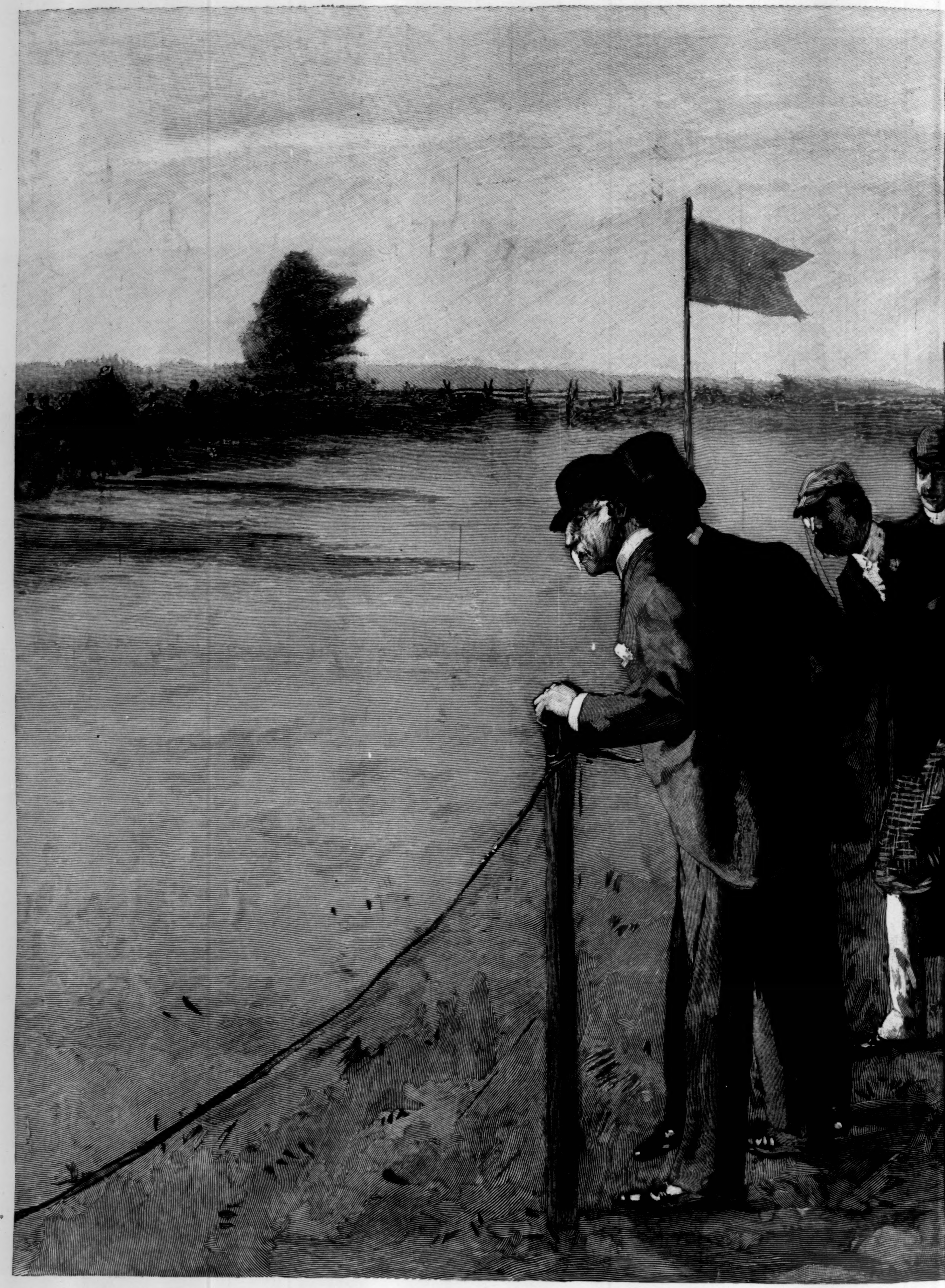
There were tears in the proprietor's eyes—tears that he was not ashamed to show—and the business manager's face was very white.

"He is not dead," the doctor said, "but he has evidently swallowed the flame. If so, he cannot live."

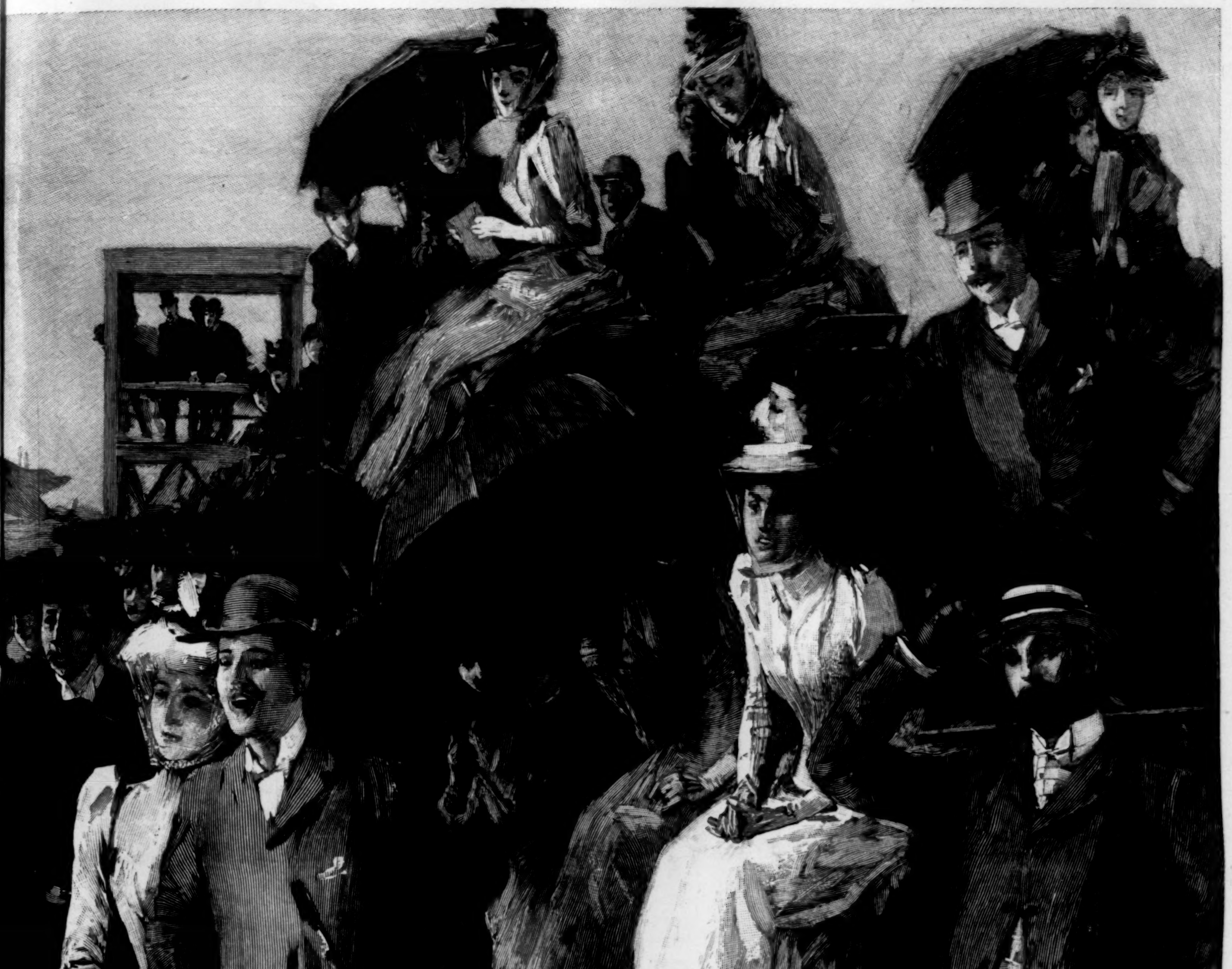
They wiped the smoke from his face, and pushed back the red hair from his forehead. Only the ends had been crisped by the licking flame. Several times the thin eyelids slightly moved, once the full underlip moved, and a little short sigh was heard, and that was all. The pressmen looked at each other with sad faces; the proprietor spread his handkerchief over the small quiet face.

As he turned to go he said to the men: "This boy was a brave lad; he came here and worked in order to let his brother go to school. His mother is a widow and poor, and Charlie was willing to give up all hope of a future, other than that of a mechanic, for her sake and the sake of the brother. I have known this from the first; I have watched him fight his way; I have seen how he has had to contend with many things. I have let it go on, knowing it would make him stronger for the battle he would have to fight with the world in after-years, and as he bore himself, so in like manner did I intend to reward him when the time came that I could help him. He has to-day done me a service that can never be repaid; he has given his life to protect me from loss. There are few who would have done it. It is appreciated."

He said no more; he could not. What more was there to say? A life had been offered and taken, thousands of dollars' worth of property had been saved. The world lost one of the few it cannot afford to spare, but the great wheels go around just the same; the belts and the musical rhythm of the great presses are heard as regularly as if that narrow grave in Forest Lawn had never been.



AT THE PONY RACES.—From a Pa


W. T. Smedley, '89

A Painting by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 734.]

THE WORLD AND LIFE.

THE onward rushing stream of life
Engrossed his every thought.
The turmoil of the day, the strife
With which man's breath was wrought,
Made up existence to his mind;
The world was all in all.
He was a captive—passive, blind—
To struggle or to fall.

Such was his thought; he never knew
What force beyond it lay,
Until across his path Love threw
A rosy, sunlit ray.
He drank its warmth, and then it seemed
'Twas he who ruled the world;
And sweeter than he ever dreamed
Before him life unfurled.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A BENIGHTED COMMUNITY.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

HAD I suspected that the "good" ship *Polygon* was to be wrecked, I certainly should not have sailed in her. I read the prospectus of the trip very carefully, and am sure there was no mention of desert islands or of rocks in it—that is, in the prospectus. So when we struck that bit of mineral, even the captain was surprised. He told us as we took to the boats that he had a theory to explain just how the disaster occurred, but as he was in the jolly-boat, which turned upside down and spilled him out, he and that far from jolly boat were lost forever—theory and all. It happened in a latitude and longitude some distance from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, but I cannot give any exact figures, because I was kept from school by a severe cold when they were studying that part of the geography, and have never had time to look it over since. But it was all covered with salt water, and you would certainly be wrecked yourself if you should go there, so perhaps it doesn't much matter where it was.

Leaving these scientific considerations, let me tell only my own adventures. The vessel was fractured, water entered rapidly, gravitation asserted itself, and down she went. We lowered the boats from the davits, loaded them with sextants, compasses, books on navigation, hardtack, fresh water, and human beings, and shoved off. Then the waves turned the boats over, sank the brass instruments, and left me clinging to a barrel of ship-bread. I floated about for some time, and finally was thrown high and wet upon an island beach.

The island was inhabited by a race of semicivilized Javanese. Fortunately I was familiar with that language, as I had taken it as an optional study during my last year at college. Although this dialect bore no direct relation to my legal studies—I intended to become a lawyer—yet I had mastered it as a form of mental discipline, and very fortunate this proved.

I was found by a native fisherman, who soon brought assistance, and these kindly people carried me to one of their comfortable huts, and removing my moist clothing, gave me a becoming suit of cocoa-nut fibre. After they had made me comfortable for the night, they left me to sleep. Being shipwrecked is very fatiguing, and I slept soundly until the morning sun, entering through a crevice, awoke me by shining full upon my face. As soon as I was fairly awake, I reflected upon my situation.

"This unhappy adventure may be the means," I thought, "of bringing to these benighted persons a knowledge of our enlightened institutions. A college graduate like myself, somewhat familiar with the laws and customs of our own great republic, cannot fail to give valuable aid to these poor beings struggling toward the goal we have already reached."

Consoled by this thought, and hearing some one moving near the door, I resolved to let my hosts know I was refreshed and ready for breakfast. I knew something of their customs, for during my Senior year I had assisted Professor Borowski in editing his great *Treatise upon the Minor Social Etiquette of the Javanese and Related Races*, so I called out,

"*Rarevala, galo mehavabhata!*" which in English would be, "The sun is risen, and I am very hungry."

I heard suppressed sounds just outside the door (that is, mat, for the doorways among this people are closed by portières of woven cocoa-nut fibre), indicating the amazement of the natives upon hearing their beautiful tongue so fluently spoken by a foreigner.

In a moment a slave entered bearing the usual dish of fried *cush-cush*, a mixture of cocoa-nut meat, dried yams, and fermented bread-fruit. I said easily, in the Javanese tongue:

"Thanks, my friend, but I'm not fond of *cush-cush*. Won't you bring me a little plain *gorubundia?*"

"Willingly," replied my light brown servitor, departing with an expression of great surprise, and returning with the desired dish, a preserve of crushed mango flowers, *sauté*, soaked in sugar-cane juice.

I thanked him, and made a hearty meal. Hardly had I finished, when the chief entered. He was of benign aspect, and wore his hair in sixteen or eighteen pigtails of bewitching grace.

"White flowers upon your head," said I, kissing my own hand.

Delighted with this observance of their system of etiquette, he made me a slight obeisance, and responded, in the courtliest manner, "Cocoa-nuts uncountable, crammed with luscious milk."

Having thus exchanged the time of day, so to speak, we were at liberty to converse. Now the Javanese despise curiosity, and I well knew that the chief would never deign to ask me a question, though full of wonder as to my presence in their land. It is also their custom to permit inferiors to speak first. Consequently he said nothing, and I also held my peace, for I could not, as an American citizen and the peer of any petty Javanese potentate of them all, admit social inferiority. We passed the day in silent meditation, and I feared that we would find some difficulty in coming to an understanding. But about sunset I took out my watch, and the chief's curiosity was too much for him.

"Tick engine?" he said, eagerly, after a vain attempt to preserve his impassive bearing.

"Wheel-mill," I replied, with some hauteur, as I offered the chronometer for his nearer inspection.

"To make music, no doubt," he observed, holding it to his ear. "A great fetich."

"It chronicles the flight of time," I replied, as nearly as I could convey that idea in his tongue. (To give the ignorant reader an idea of the language, I will here explain that to express the above sentence in Javanese one must use metaphor. What I said, translated literally, would be, "With daily knife, upon the time-tree it notches the footsteps of the hurrying lord of day.")

He didn't seem to get the idea exactly, but said, politely, "I see."

Pitying his curiosity, I explained further, as follows:

"As the drops from the water-jar count the hours of the Javanese, so for the free and haughty American the wheel-mill ticks out the song of the bird of freedom as his gay hours dance to the ruddy sunset glow!"

He seemed satisfied, and drew a long breath. Then, in order to find out how I came there without asking, he remarked, artfully,

"Your country is far toward the rising sun."

"Yes," I said. Then, knowing he would be pleased to know of my journey, I explained that "our big canoe drank too much water"; that we "sat in the little canoes until they stood upon their heads"; and that the breakers had propelled me ashore with inconsiderate haste.

"You are no doubt a great chief," said the chief, remembering I had forced him to speak first.

Now I was in a dilemma. I was no doubt his social equal, and far more enlightened. But by that very fact I was bound not to deceive him. I resorted to a harmless subterfuge.

"No man in my country is greater than I," I said, with pardonable pride in our national institutions.

"Do you make the laws?" he asked, humbly, and after a few moments' pause.

"With some help," I replied, easily. "All the really important laws are submitted to me." This was true, for I was a voter.

Knocking his head thrice upon the cocoa matting, he said: "Oh, chief, truly the waves have brought thee at a good time. My chief lawmaker has kept a pressing appointment with his departed ancestors, and his place yawns for a successor. As an alien, you cannot become our chief. But as lawmaker you will hold the second place. Will you humble yourself to its acceptance?"

I reflected a few moments before replying. It was certainly a most promising opening. Perhaps it would be quite as good as any position I was likely to secure, even after being graduated from the law school.

"And the emoluments?" I asked.

"A residence in the chief's house, ample fare, three umbrella-bearers, and several palanquins," he replied.

"I'll try it for a week or two," I answered; and then I added, "Leave me, chief; I would repose."

He left me, with great respect. Settling myself upon the mat, I thought the matter over. I could see no reason why the place shouldn't be a good one, and soon I sank away in slumber, for the long immersion in salt water had made me very tired.

Upon the second morning of my residence in the island—which was slightly north of Java proper; I do not care to describe it more fully—I was invited by the courtly official to whom I had already given an audience to be present at the "Sitting of Justice," as they call the session of their court. I gladly accepted the invitation, and was installed upon the bench, after a pleasant palanquin ride.

"I should wish, worthy stranger," said the chief, "to profit by your wisdom in administering justice, and have therefore invited you to be present and to witness our methods of procedure."

I smiled indulgently, and thanked him with a gracious inclination of my head. I do not believe in being haughty to foreigners; it only hurts their feelings, and they cannot see why we are so superior to themselves. The ancient Greeks called all other nations barbarians; but we know better than to say everything we think.

The court-room was a long thatched double roof, supported on pillars, and open on all sides. The policemen, or court officers, were armed with creeses and other crooked steel implements, and the crowded court-room was very orderly and quiet. Several cases had already been tried.

The first case which came up for decision after my arrival was very simple. A dark-skinned native in a yellow tunic was the plaintiff, and came into court to recover the price of some fowls which he had lost.

"Where is the man who bought the fowls?" asked the chief.

"Here, oh, chief," replied one of the officers, leading in the culprit.

"What have you to say?" asked the judge.

"Oh, most righteous judge," said the prisoner, "the plaintiff keeps an inn. I was hungry, and I called for food. He said he had roast chicken. I inquired the price. He charged, so he said, three pieces of silver, and said I might eat all the chicken I could. I paid the money, he served me up a chicken, and I began my dinner. But, behold! as I cut a wing from the fowl, a large dog ran in, jumped upon the table, and carried the chicken away. I insisted that he should replace the fowl. He refused; whereupon I entered the poultry-yard and carried off what justly was mine. I have told a story without crookedness. I have done."

"But, oh, most wise chief, the dog was his own dog, and the man carried away four of my chickens," said the innkeeper.

"Is that true?" asked the chief, addressing the prisoner.

"The dog had been mine, but my brother bought it from me, and I was upon my way to deliver it to him," said the prisoner.

"And did you take four chickens?" asked the judge.

"Four little chicks," said the prisoner, "but no more than I could eat."

"Enough. Remove the prisoner, while I consult with the wise lawyer who has landed upon our coast."

The prisoner was removed, the court adjourned for luncheon, the crowd dispersed, and the chief and myself were left alone.

"What shall we decide, wisest of counsellors?" said the chief, with much deference.

"Let me know first what your decision would be," I suggested.

"The fellow is a rogue. I would have him soundly thrashed, and make him pay for the chickens whatever was due besides the three pieces he has already paid," answered the chief.

"Why do you decide so?" I asked, with some surprise.

"Because such seems to me the truth," answered the chief. "But do not let me prejudice you. With your permission, I shall turn the case over to you, and you may do as you see proper."

"Very well," said I; "the case would proceed very differently in my country. If I am to have your co-operation, I will gladly show you how such matters are settled in my own land. But I shall need the assistance of several men. If you will put a number of your subjects at my disposal, I shall be glad to give them the necessary instructions, so that we may proceed in a proper legal manner."

"So be it," replied the chief; and drawing a scroll of parchment from his girdle, he wrote the necessary orders, and sealed them with a curiously carved stone which was set into the top of the handle of his dagger.

I caused the case to be adjourned for several weeks, and meanwhile made myself busy in getting ready for a trial. I selected two of the brightest natives I could find, and carefully taught them enough to make them very capable lawyers, so far as this particular case went. I myself was to act as judge.

When the time came to try the case, the first difficulty was to secure a jury. This was quite a task, because the man who had taken the chickens was well known to be a scamp and a trickster, and as the island was not a large one, everybody knew his reputation. The result was that the lawyer who defended him was able to show that every inhabitant was prejudiced. This required, however, the examination of every citizen in the country, and as many had to come from a distance, much time was consumed. Three more weeks passed, and we were still without a jury. Then the enterprising prosecuting lawyer sent out a war canoe, captured some neighboring islanders, and produced them in court. The prisoner's lawyer objected that they were not citizens; but the prosecutor said that there was an old maxim that "necessity knows no law," and insisted upon his right to a trial.

As I saw no other way of proceeding with the case, I upheld the prosecutor; and the jury, tied hand and foot, were ranged in the jury-box. Then we were ready to proceed.

I report the proceedings, without giving the peculiarities of the Javanese idioms. The prosecutor told the innkeeper's side of the story, and put him on the witness-stand. The man repeated his complaint much as before. He was cross-examined by the prisoner's lawyer at great length, but did not change his story at all. Then the prisoner's lawyer began his address to the jury:

"Gentlemen," said he, "we do not propose to dispute the plain facts of this case, but to appeal to your fair-mindedness. The simple question is whether the prisoner took more than he paid for. He was to pay three pieces of silver, and to eat all the chicken he could. Now, gentlemen, of course that meant all the chicken he could eat at that time and under those circumstances. But he was interrupted, and it is impossible to tell how many chickens he might have eaten. If he could have eaten the large one and the four small ones, he would have been entitled to them. We do not dispute the facts; we rely only upon the justice of our cause."

"A more ridiculous claim was never made in a tribunal of justice," said the prosecutor, rising to his feet. "The question is not to be so distorted. The prisoner, gentlemen, paid three pieces of silver, but that entitled him only to eat chickens, not to carry them off. We do not propose to go into an absurd inquiry as to what the prisoner *might have* eaten. We did not agree, gentlemen, to keep the chicken on his plate. If he wished to eat more than the wing, he should have chased the dog and recovered the chicken; though even then, gentlemen of the jury, it is a serious question in my mind whether it would not have been necessary to come back and eat the chicken on the premises."

Well, I never saw a more perplexed court-room. The chief, who sat beside me, had gone to sleep, and I myself felt a little drowsy. The jury were planning how to escape, and paid no attention to either lawyer, and the audience had either disappeared or were also asleep. In fact, the whole atmosphere was so like the true legal atmosphere of the courts at home, that I longed for my native land again.

Just as the lawyers finished speaking, the chief woke with a start. "How far have you got?" said he.

"The jury now have to settle the matter," I answered, "after they hear a charge from the bench."

"What is that?" he inquired.

"I have to instruct them as to the law," I answered. Then turning to the jury, I said, "Gentlemen, please stand up."

The court officers used their spears freely, and the jury rose.

"Gentlemen, this is a difficult and yet a simple case," said I. "The innkeeper agreed to furnish the prisoner with all the chicken he could eat. A dog, possibly the prisoner's dog (or maybe his brother's), carried away a chicken which the prisoner was in the act of eating. It is for you to say whether he could eat the chicken after the dog had carried it off. Then the prisoner took four smaller chickens and carried them off. It is for you to say whether he was entitled to take them, on the ground that he could have eaten them, or whether he must eat them on the ground in order to prove he could eat them. If you do not all agree upon the case, you will be kept away from home until you do. Do you say the prisoner is guilty of stealing these chickens, because he had no right to them, or that he is not guilty, because he took only what he had bought and paid for?"

The jury retired, having their feet untied for the purpose. When they were out of the court-room, they ran for the beach; and as one of their number had secreted a knife, they succeeded in cutting their bonds, and making their escape in a canoe lying upon the shore.

The sheriff (or court official) returned and reported the matter, and I sent the prisoner back to jail, and walked home with the chief.

"What is the next step?" he asked me, as we went along.

"We must catch another jury," I answered.

"And suppose that they find the prisoner guilty?" he asked.

"Oh, then the prisoner appeals."

"What does that mean?" said the chief.

"He says there have been mistakes in his trial, and he brings them up for settlement before several judges."

"Yes?" said the chief.

"Yes," I replied; "and then if he doesn't get a new trial, he appeals some more."

"And how long does this take?" asked the chief, with deep interest.

"Several years," I replied; "not always so long, but often."

"And meanwhile how about the man who has lost his chickens?" said the chief, very politely.

"Oh, he goes without them," said I. "It's a very old system with us. It has been in existence hundreds of years."

"Come with me," said the chief, abruptly, turning off from the path.

Somewhat surprised, I followed him.

He led me to the shore, and there I found a small sampan, or native boat. It contained a jar of *cush-cush*, a paddle, another jar of drinking water, a mat sail, and several odd trifles.

"Get in," said the chief.

I entered the boat, for he drew his creese as he spoke, and I saw that his invitation was not merely formal.

"Your country is toward the rising sun," said he, courteously.

"It is," I replied.

"Get in and paddle. Do not come back here, or we will rejoice your departed ancestors, who long for your presence."

"White flowers upon your head," said I, kissing my hand.

"Cocoa-nuts innumerable, crammed with luscious milk," he replied, with a courtly bow. Then he kindly aided me to push off, and I paddled eastward.

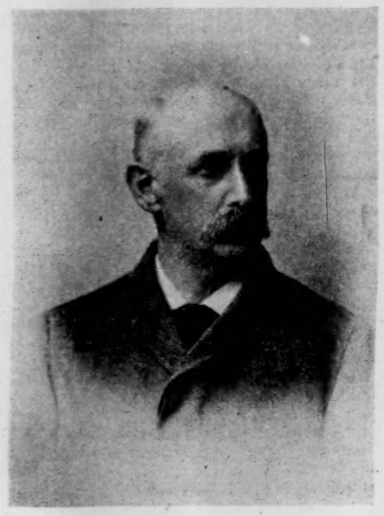
I was picked up by a passing steamer, and arrived at home in time to enter the law school.

After all, the Caucasian race is the only one capable of appreciating legal methods. Savage and semicivilized nations are too precipitate.

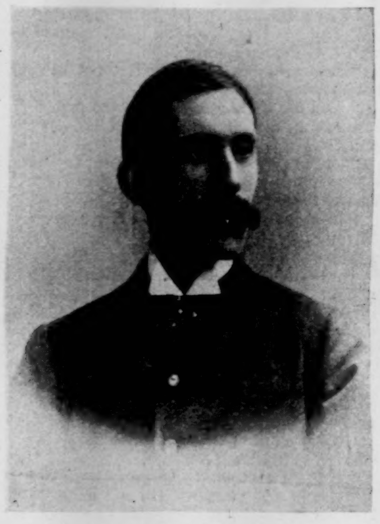
CRICKET IN AMERICA.

(*Continued from page 726.*)

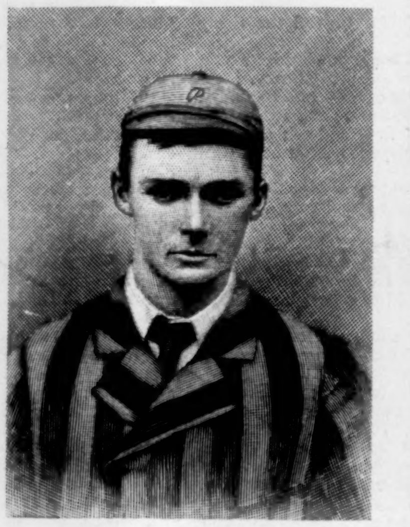
opening of the Philadelphia innings in this match. Here were two local batsmen, John Hargrave and F. E. Brewster by name, playing the bowling of "the demon" Spofforth with ease and confidence. The dreaded bowling, once robbed of its terrors, became a plaything for the American crack, R. S. Newhall, who followed. And when the hero of the day, after compiling eighty-four notches, went the way of all cricketers, and was borne on willing shoulders in triumph to the clubhouse, Americans realized that their countrymen had in them the material from which great cricketers are made. The match terminated in a "draw," by no means creditable to the antipodeans, but highly creditable to American cricket, which now took a distinctly higher place in the estimation of the cricketing world. Perhaps in the light of subsequent matches played between Philadelphians and Daft's eleven, Shaw and Shrewsbury's team and the Australian team of 1882, the result of the memorable match with the first Australian cricketers will be considered by many people a fluke. I cannot concur in this opinion. The Australians were forced to act on the defensive all the time. They failed to punish the American bowling to any extent, and in no department of the game did they outplay their opponents.


J. E. SCHWARTZ.

In the year 1880 a team of Irish gentlemen landed in New York, and after defeating the metropolitan cricketers, journeyed to Philadelphia to meet their Waterloo. Then, as if to prove to the Quaker lads that they had yet much to learn before they could rank with the great ones of the world, Daft's professionals invaded the Quaker City, and after scattering the local wickets and knocking the bowling to all parts of the cricket fields, departed in search of other scalps. I make no apology for the failure of American amateurs against either Shaw and Shrewsbury's team or the second Australian team which followed them. I have always maintained that the Philadelphia authorities made a mistake in playing eighteen men against the Australians; eleven would have made a far better show both in the field and at the bat. About the year 1884 the patrons of American cricket began to consider the advantages our amateurs would derive from studying the style of English players on their own native heath. Eminent English cricketers encouraged the idea, aiding the projectors of the scheme by sound advice, and using their powerful influence to make the social side of the tour a success. As the visit was mainly educational, it was thought best not to play against the English professionals until our amateurs had gained more experience. The result of the tour was very gratifying. Although beaten by Scotland, M. C. C., Sussex, Kent, and Hampshire, the American amateurs were successful in other matches, their defeat of Gloucestershire, the county of the Graces, being especially praiseworthy. Perhaps the most admired of the American batsmen was J. A. Scott. W. C. Lowry was by long odds the most successful bowler, while William C. Morgan, Jun., kept wickets to the king's taste. R. S. Newhall, the captain of the team, as usual stood well up in the batting average, while John B. Thayer, Jun., displayed the best all-round cricket. Space will not permit me to follow further the progress of international cricket. The visit of E. J. Sander's eleven furnished the first instance of a victory being gained by an American team over a picked eleven of English amateurs. The more recent international matches are still fresh in the minds of American cricketers. In order that my readers may fully realize the difference between American cricket of the past and present, I would invite their attention to a few facts. Among the noble army of martyrs who played against Willsher's team in 1868, only one American obtained double figures. In the year 1889 eleven Philadelphia amateurs, playing against a strong eleven of M. C. C., captained by W. G. Grace, topped the second century on an extremely bad wicket.


DR. J. ALLISON SCOTT.

If we look at the progress cricket has recently made in New York, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Detroit, Pittsburg, and through New England, we shall find great encouragement for the future of the game. The past two years have been an era of unexampled prosperity. Some intelligent attempt has at last been made to bring the clubs scattered around the large cities under a proper system of government. Associations and leagues have been formed with a sufficient number of clubs enrolled in them to give them the necessary stability. Prizes have been offered not only to the clubs winning the greatest number of games, but to individuals securing the highest batting and bowling averages. A further stimulus has been given to cricket by the formation of a league having for its object the encouragement of inter-city cricket. Hitherto the geographical positions of such cities as Pittsburg and Detroit have proved detrimental to their advancement in cricket, on account of the difficulty of arranging matches with outside clubs. Pittsburg has particularly suffered from this cause, as well as from other discouragements calculated to dampen the enthusiasm of less hopeful supporters of the game than Mr. J. E. Schwartz. With such brilliant cricketers as Walter Scott and F. Penn in the club, Pittsburg may be expected to give a good account of itself in the future.


W. BROCKIE, JUN.

Baltimore, thanks to the unselfish efforts of Mr. Tunstall Smith, has been struggling bravely to establish a reputation in the cricket world, and though its progress has been slow, it has succeeded at least in winning the respect of the stronger clubs. The career of the Boston A. A. C. C. has been one of singular success. Under the title of the Longwood C. C., this club was favorably known as an exceptionally strong organization, while its fine grounds have furnished excellent if somewhat slow creases. Boston is now recognized as the centre of New England cricket, and its principal club is naturally looked up to by the smaller clubs of New England. Under the able guidance of the veteran George Wright, the Boston A. A. C. C. has taken a leading position among American cricket clubs, and should continue to hold it, as it numbers among its members such excellent amateurs as L. N. Mansfield, Laurence Haughton, Sam Wright, etc.

The formation of the Metropolitan League has exercised a wonderful influence upon New York cricket, which was really sadly in need of a powerful restorative to keep it alive and vigorous. Deficient as New York is in first-class native amateurs, it has always been well stocked with English resident cricketers, who have ever been ready to wield the willow in defence of her reputation.

Perhaps Chicago has outstripped her neighbors in the enterprise she has exhibited in inducing cricketers to settle within her borders and ally themselves with local clubs. But with Chicago, as with New York, cricket is rather an importation or a transplantation than a development of her own material. In Philadelphia, on the other hand, native talent has been fostered with the utmost care under the zealous eyes of watchful enthusiasts.

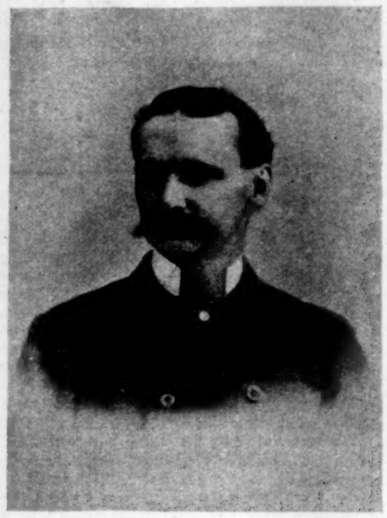
Philadelphia may well be termed the paradise of the American cricketer. No single city in the country possesses such an array of genuine amateur talent; nowhere else can be found such a collection of beautifully kept grounds, conspicuous among which is the magnificent ground of the Germantown C. C. at Manheim, which is second to none in the world. There flourishes the ubiquitous junior in all his glory, conscious of his importance as a powerful factor in the future prosperity of American cricket.

The growth of cricket as a college game has been slow. Some few academies and schools, such as St. Paul's School, of Concord, New Hampshire, and the Germantown Academy, have for years given the game an honored place among their pastimes; but the sport has not met with the favor it deserves at the hands of American students. The institution of annual tours has proved a great benefit to the cricketers of St. Paul's School, inasmuch as it has given the boys greater opportunities for practice and observation than they would otherwise have enjoyed. Cricket at Haverford College is almost as old as cricket in Philadelphia. On the rolls of this institution of learning may be found the names of some of the finest players that have graced the American cricket field. No college in the world has been more stanch in its devotion to cricket than Haverford. The very atmosphere of the place is cricket-laden. The college literature chronicles the names of the heroes who have at different times performed mighty deeds in defence of their *alma mater*. Never for an instant has the Haverfordian wavered in his allegiance to the grand old game. Even in winter, when most cricketers are taken up with other pursuits, the young student of the Quaker college is faithfully preparing himself for the opening of the cricket season by regular, systematic practice in a covered shed provided for the purpose. Intercollegiate cricket has been robbed of much of its interest by the overwhelming strength of the University of Pennsylvania. Occasionally a few strong cricketers have given other colleges or 'varsities the benefit of their assistance for a time; but with their departure for fresh fields and pastures new, the interest so suddenly awakened has died out. With a more even and regular distribution of strength among the universities and colleges, we shall doubtless see a more general interest manifested in the game.

The history of American cricket has been one of continued progress. The American amateur has no regrets for the past; he does not sigh for the good old days of senior Sam Wright or a host of dead and gone worthies, who served their day and generation faithfully, and helped to lay the foundation of a later and better school of cricket. We do not wish to forget our obligations to the many excellent players who have graced our cricket fields, but we know that in the first-class cricketer of the present day we have a cricketer of a finer mould.

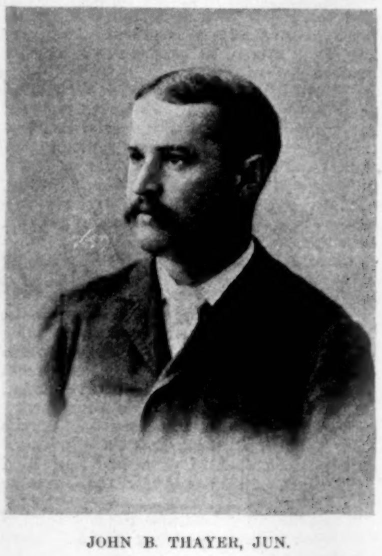
Beyond question, the finest cricketer America has produced is George S. Patterson, the Germantown crack. Although he is very young, Mr. Patterson shows a degree of headwork that would do credit to the very best English amateurs. Mr. Patterson is a cricketer to the finger-tips. With him batting is a science. I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Patterson would be considered a first-class man in any county in England; and if he were allowed the advantage of practising against the best professional bowling, he would stand very high among the amateurs of England. It seems superfluous to praise a man who has made ten centuries; his deeds speak for themselves. But Mr. Patterson's abilities are not confined to his batting; he has been wonderfully successful as a bowler, displaying a great deal of headwork and plenty of command over the ball. George S. Patterson occupies the same position to the cricket field of to-day that Walter Newhall did to the early American era, and Robert S. Newhall to a later age. Rumor speaks with no uncertain voice of Walter Newhall's ability. He was the noblest Roman of them all, standing a head and shoulders above his fellows as a batsman. He it was who commanded the admiration of Tom Senior by the skill with which he parried the then terrible round-arm deliveries of the good old professor. The untimely death of this beloved young cricketer at the age of twenty-three robbed the world of one of the truest gentlemen that ever graced the cricket field.

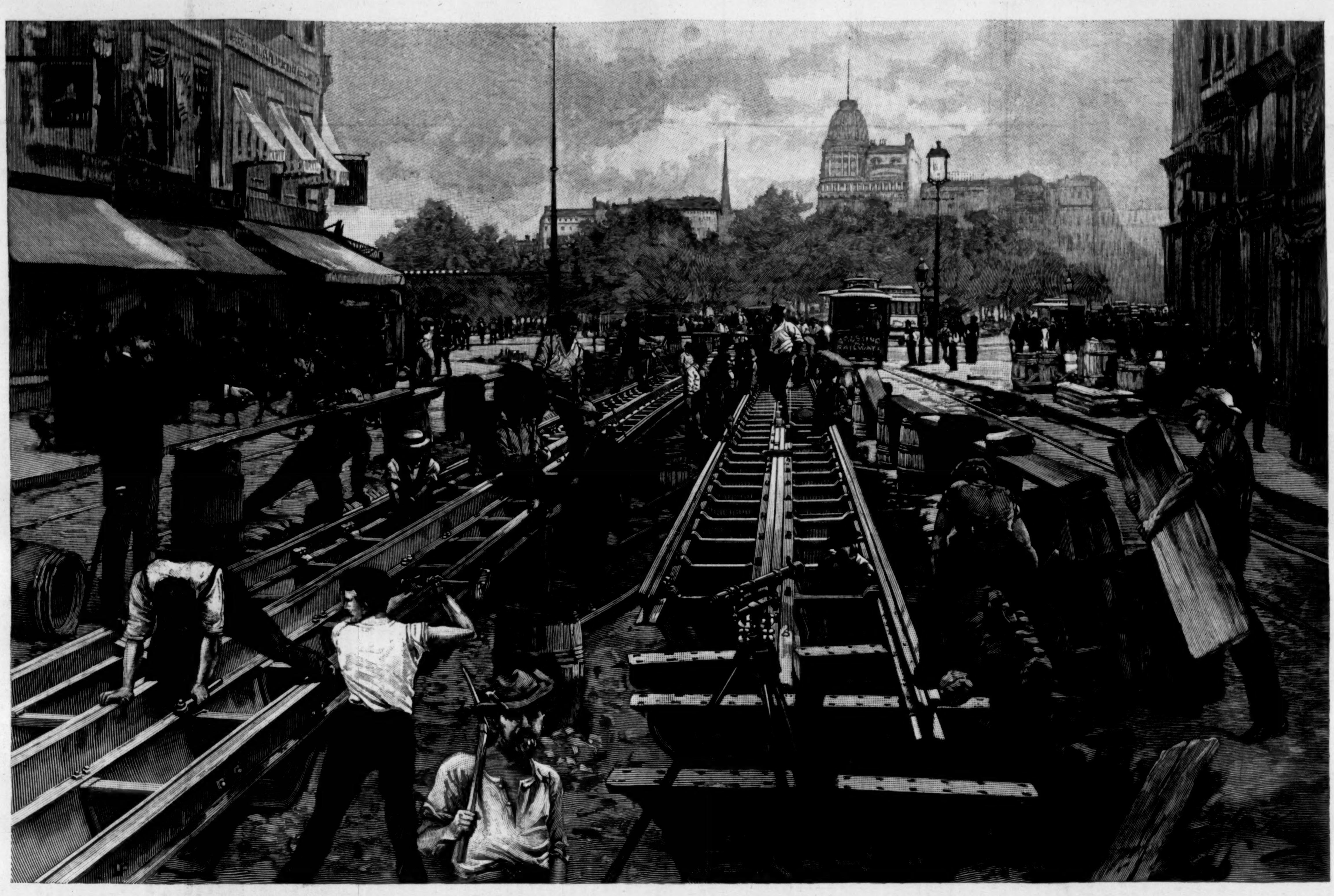
Robert S. Newhall, the hero of the Australian match, was for years regarded as the representative American batsman. Indeed, this gentleman came nearer to founding a national school of batting than any other native cricketer, his aggressive style being particularly popular with the youth of his day. Mr. Robert S. Newhall was as much a type of the last age of batting as Mr. Patterson is of the present. American form has gradually lost its individuality, following more closely the best English models, with probably a trifle more aggressiveness than is common to the foreign cricketer. The weakest point in American fielding is the wicket-keeping. Strange to say, we are ages behind England in this most important department, our men still evincing a repugnance to stand up to the wicket, and an inaptitude for the work when they are there. For years wicket-keeping was a lost art with American amateurs, who were content to play back midway between the wicket and the position once occupied by long stop, sacrificing the opportunity to stump the batsman for the sake of having another man in front of the wickets. I need hardly say that batsmen of the type of R. S. Newhall took full advantage of the opportunities afforded them to step out of their creases.


SPENCER MEADE.

For some reason the project to establish a national cricket association has hung fire, although the necessity for such a body is generally recognized. No doubt much of the trouble arises from the difficulty experienced in uniting the interests of the English and American residents, the Englishmen preferring rather to bear those ills they have than to fly to others that they know not of.

If I were asked on what the future of American cricket depended, I would say on the establishment of a governing body qualified to provide for the growing wants of the American cricketer, and on the permanency of the junior organizations. Our cricketers must go abroad from time to time prepared to meet all comers, win or lose. No doubt discouragements will be experienced by them at first, but practice against the best professional bowling will be of infinite service to them, enabling them to familiarize themselves with the most puzzling deliveries until they learn to master it as Walter Newhall mastered the intricacies of Tom Senior's bowling in the early days of American cricket. England's position on the cricket field is not by any means as assured as it was in by-gone years. Already Australia is disputing with her the question of supremacy, and America has advanced so rapidly that she can even now dare to look forward to the day when her sons will be able to hold their own against the best of old England's sons.


JOHN B. THAYER, JUN.



LAYING THE CABLE FOR THE BROADWAY SURFACE RAILROAD AT UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 723.]

PONY-RACING.

It is a little bit curious that with all the natural facilities at our immediate command—stock, conditions, and enthusiasts in abundance—the sport of racing ponies should have had no organized recognition until two years ago. The home of the mustang, the sturdiest animal in the world, is here, or, more correctly speaking, it is within three days' travel of New York; and although as he comes to us at first he is not the ideal racing pony, a very few generations serve to make him so. Not infrequently, however, it is possible to pick up a bronco which for a sprint is very fast, and it is very safe in such a case to conclude that he comes from over the Mexican border, and is no stranger to racing. Among the Mexicans horse-racing is one of their greatest sports. Indeed, among the classes that live outside the few large cities it is the chief form of recreation.

Every plaza (small village) has its quota of racers, and the times are dull indeed when each week does not witness several intensely interesting races, in which the pride of local supremacy and desire to win the stakes make a combination of rivalry than which nothing sharper is possible to imagine. Nowhere have I seen such exciting, really distressingly exciting, horse-racing as in Mexico. From the very moment the racers are off, which is almost invariably from a standing start, and generally at the crack of a revolver, the excitement begins, and it never flags until the winner crosses whatever may have served for the finish line.

The broncos do not undergo any especial preparation for the race; the curry-comb and brush are strangers to their coats, the saddle will be the one used every day, of the Mexican, Texan, or California tree, and weighing anywhere from twenty to fifty pounds; the bridle, possibly of plaited hair, particularly if the rider wears a sombrero heavily ornamented with silver braiding and is therefore more or less of a local swell, but it is more likely to be of the cheaper rawhide kind, with the bit either of the ring or spade variety. They ride like veritable demons, with hands, legs, and heels—the quirt (whip) is rarely used, spurs being considered sufficient—accompanied by a series of yells which, to the uninitiated, would be a correct imitation of the accepted "blood-curdling" vocal prelude of Poor Lo's picturesque but impolite forefathers, just previous to one of their inopportune visits, known to florid literature as the "swoop before the massacre." The Mexican cares more for his bronco, if it is fast, than for any other of his possessions, and if it is a particularly speedy one he will positively "go broke" on its adornment.

The Mexican racing bronco, however, and in fact the bronco throughout his Western home generally, is not fitted to the kind of racing more prevalent on the Atlantic coast tracks without training and breeding. The bronco is unexcelled in either the sprint of a few hundred yards from a standing start, or for a race of some considerable distance, such trials as we never have in the East. The same nervous catlike alacrity which has made the mustang the greatest, the only cow pony in the world, makes him the fastest starter among equine flesh. Add to this a natural turn of speed for a short distance, and you have a sprinter that is unequalled. He is quite as unbeatable in tests of long distance. There is no quadruped which possesses such endurance as this same unkempt, unattractive bronco.

To me the bronco has been one of the most interesting studies, and I may add, the safest. He has found trails in strange country, and on a night, so dark I could not see ahead of his ears; he has discovered water when both of our tongues were swollen from extreme thirst; he has been a watch-dog against murderous thieves and wild beasts; once his astonishing intelligence saved us both from death in a snow-slide, and gave me a cue which later did as much for me again; and times without number has he, after finishing the day's journey with apparently not another pound of strength in reserve, "bucked" the next morning with every particle of his pristine vigor and skill. No animal is more susceptible to kindness once he is assured of your good intentions, and those that assert to the contrary simply do not know the bronco, or their interviews with him have been through the medium of loaded quirts and blood-stained rowels.

I have wandered from the immediate subject which our Mr. Smedley has presented so artistically for the pleasure of our readers. The American Pony-racing Association was organized two years ago through the efforts of a handful of thorough-going sportsmen, including Jenkins Van Schaick, H. L. Herbert, Elliott Roosevelt, A. Belmont Purdy, J. Clinch Smith, F. T. Underhill, August Belmont, Louis V. Bell, J. R. Wood, and others whose names do not come to me just at the moment of hurried writing. It was really the direct result of polo, which, in its earlier days, had for the first time brought together sportsmen on these diminutive horses and developed the natural result—a race. Its success for the first year was all that could be desired, showing a record of eleven meetings and 210 ponies registered, but allowing professional jockeys to ride at its meetings, and one or two other arbitrary rulings have rather worked against it in this its second year, and the present season does not make so good a showing as the first. It is a movement, however, that is bound to win, if the advice given in these columns from time to time is followed. The officers of the A.P.R.A. will realize the truth of what was said last week in considerable detail under "Amateur Sport" in this paper, and come to the rescue of the grand sport ere it is too late.

C. W. W.

J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

The Parisian-American, though a type of recent development, is not rare in the art world of New York to-day, and he flourishes likewise in literary circles. In London his prototype is the delightful "Continental" Englishman, who, from long residence in France and other countries, has lost all trace of insular prejudice, and has picked up most of what is good and worth knowing from his neighbors. Our New York Parisians began to come home ten or twelve years ago, and they had to fight hard for places in the front ranks of American artists. They were called foreigners who had learned to paint in Paris, and who had nothing in common with true Americans. Worst of all, it was said that they sneered at American subjects. Well, the Parisian has gained his right to stay and to be respected now; and though those who came first have lost their old air, perhaps, they are none the worse for that, and in its place many of them have taken on the firmness and quickness that distinguish the American in professional and business life, and are found among the leaders in everything that helps to advance our civilization, and ready workers in every good cause that tends to improve the condition of native art and art education.

Among the Parisian-Americans who came back to their native shores in 1878 was J. Carroll Beckwith, and no one among them was endowed with more graces. He could twang a guitar like a Sevillian, and sing Spanish, French, and Italian songs. He wore a jacket that looked as if one could paint a masterpiece in it; the dog at his heels was admirably picturesque; and like a man who had lived long in a place where real delights of urban life abound, he involuntarily winced with pain at the horrible clatter and din of our streets, and shrugged his shoulders at the shocking bad taste of the inhabitants. But Beckwith had that in him that prevented him from spending his life as a carper. He soon saw what his new world was like, and he took it for what it was worth. He rented a studio in Fourteenth Street, got a sitter, and painted a portrait of a lady in full length; sent it to the academy, was highly praised for his likely talent, and set about getting other orders. He became thrifty withal, and made every stroke pay. The intending patron, who was received with the politest of speeches, found that he had a clear-headed man of business to deal with as well as a talented young painter. Beckwith clinched his orders, and made rapid progress in his career. He is now one of the best known of American portrait-painters, and an active public-spirited citizen.

James Carroll Beckwith was born in Hannibal, Missouri, September 23, 1852. Somewhat delicate as a child, he found—as far back as he can remember—more amusement with his lead-pencil than in anything else, and, encouraged always by his mother, he began to take lessons in drawing when he was about sixteen years old. Soon afterwards he became a pupil in the schools of the Academy of Design in Chicago, which had then become the home of his family. In 1871 he came to New York, and worked two years at the National Academy under Mr. Wilmarth, and in October, 1873, he sailed for Europe. He went directly to Paris, and entered the atelier of Carolus-Duran. He made the *concours* for Yvon's celebrated class in drawing at the École des Beaux-Arts for the first time in the spring of 1875, and was admitted. He was admitted seven times to this class, and drew there from life during almost all of his stay in Paris, receiving four honorable mentions for his work. He studied constantly in the mornings in the Carolus school, and for a couple of winters in the evenings worked in the Bonnat night school. He was elected *massier*, or chief of the school, in the atelier of Carolus in the autumn of 1874, and held that position until his return to New York, in 1878.

Perhaps no one among the American painters who have studied their art in Paris enjoyed the same intimacy with his master as Beckwith did with Carolus. He took a studio in 1875 with John S. Sargent, who had come up to Paris from Florence the year before, and the two young men were much together. Sargent and Beckwith were favorite pupils, and aside from their study in the working atelier in the rue Notre-Dame des-Champs, were a good deal occupied in their master's own studio in the Passage Stanislas near by. The first work Beckwith did of this sort was in 1877, when Carolus called on him to paint a background in a boy's portrait. This working in the master's studio is something by no means common in Paris, but Carolus loves the traditions of the princes of painting, and delights in the homage of his pupils. Beckwith painted backgrounds and draperies with right good will for six months or so, and at the same time, with Sargent and two or three other pupils, in a vast room furnished by the government, helped in the great work of painting a ceiling for the Salle Beauvais in the Louvre. This composition represents "The Triumph of Marie de Medici," and covers a canvas about forty feet square. Carolus made a composition sketch of the ensemble; the pupils made studies from models in the poses of the different figures, as shown in the sketch, "squared them up" to the required size on the big canvas, and blocked in the masses of color. Then the master used to come in, with praise for one and blame for another, and complete the work. This period of his stay in Paris, which covered the last two years, Beckwith much enjoyed, and it was not strange if New York impressed him as decidedly Philistine in character when he came here fresh from such agreeable surroundings. A strong lot of men were the American students in Paris who were his contemporaries. Among his own studio companions were Sargent, Low, and Fowler. In Bonnat's were Blashfield, Leland, and Pearce. At the Beaux-Arts, under Gérôme and Cabanel, were Bridgman, Brush, Thayer, and Weir.

One of the first things Beckwith found to do in New York was teaching. The Art Students' League, now the most flourishing art school in the country, was in its infancy then. Beckwith was asked to undertake the organization of a class in drawing from the antique. He is still an instructor in that class, and among his pupils who have been to Paris too and come back again are such well-known painters as Irving R. Wiles, Herbert Denman, and W. M. J. Rice. He used to go back to Paris himself pretty regularly, and he spent the five summers following his return to America in France. Latterly he has remained at home, and now he has a summer place at Onteora, in the Catskills. There he painted the lifelike portrait head of Mark Twain, who was one of the pleasant colony that makes the Bear and Fox Inn such a delightful sojourning-place, and there, more perhaps than in his fine studio in the Sherwood, where he is the busy portrait-painter, his friends find again the clever companion of former days, with whom they worked and played in Paris and strolled through the sunny towns of Italy and Spain.

Mr. Beckwith is a draughtsman of great skill and a painter of much more than ordinary cleverness. His portraits are notable for sound construction and solid modelling, as well as elegance and truth of line, and he rarely misses a likeness. He may not be counted a colorist, perhaps, in the sense of sacrificing other things to obtain quality of color alone, but his work is colored, and is never open to the reproach of blackness, as the work of men who are especially impressed by form very often is. He first exhibited at the National Academy of Design, and has exhibited there regularly ever since. His first picture at the Society of American Artists was shown in 1879, and there too he has been a constant contributor. He made his début at the Salon in 1877 with a "Head of an Old Man," and exhibited there afterwards—in 1882, Portrait of William M. Chase; in 1887, Portrait of William Walton; in 1889, "Girl Reading"; and in 1890, "Mr. Isaacson." To the American section of the Universal Exposition at Paris in 1878 he contributed a picture called "The Falconer," and at the Paris Exposition of 1889 he was represented by three portraits. He received a *mention honorable* at the Salon of 1887, and a bronze medal at the Exposition of 1889. He is a member of the Society of American Artists, an associate of the National Academy, a member of the American Water-color Society and of the Painters in Pastels, an honorary member of the Art Students' League, and president of the National Free Art League, which made such a good fight in Congress last winter for the abolition of the barbarous duty on foreign works of art.

William A. Coffin.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

Mr. Roswell Pettibone Flower, the Democratic nominee for Governor of New York, is frequently spoken of as a new man in politics, and also as one who by reason of his wealth had been brought forward. However the latter part of this idea may be, it is scarcely true that he is new in politics, as he was chairman of the Jefferson County Democratic Committee many years ago, and long before he became a man of wealth, and ever since his youth he has taken an active personal interest in political affairs. He was born in Jefferson County, New York, in 1835, and lived there until 1869, when he came to New York. He has, however, always kept a home in Watertown, and one element of his strength now is that he really represents on the ticket two parts of the State quite remote from each other. His father's ancestors came from Ireland in the seventeenth century, and settled in Connecticut. His mother belonged to the thrifty and hardy Scotch-Irish race, from which so many of our most successful and hard-headed men have sprung. Mr. Flower's father had a wool-carding and cloth-dressing mill at Theresa, Jefferson County, and the son, when a mere child, was obliged to do a full day's work all through the summer in the mill. After his father's death, which occurred when the son was eight years old, he was obliged to work even harder than before, but during the winters he went to school. He staid at school till he was sixteen, when he was graduated from the Theresa High School. Then he secured a place as a teacher in a country school, and had the usual experiences while boarding around with the parents of his pupils.

He was a clerk in Watertown at five dollars a month, a clerk in Philadelphia for a house which failed in one month after he entered its service, and then settled down when he was nineteen as Assistant Postmaster of Watertown at fifty dollars a month. This position he held for six years, and during that time saved his first thousand dollars. With this he bought an interest in a jewelry business in Watertown, and he conducted this shop until he removed to New York nine years later. In 1859 Mr. Flower had married the daughter of Mr. Norris M. Woodruff, one of the substantial citizens of Watertown. Another daughter of Mr. Woodruff had married Henry Keep, who from the humblest beginnings became one of the richest and most successful railroad managers in the country. He had been president of the New York Central, treasurer of the Michigan Southern, and president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. When he found his health broken down, Mr. Keep sent for Mr. Flower, and asked him to take charge of his affairs, when he was dead, for the benefit of Mrs. Keep. This Mr. Flower consented to do, and this business compelled him to live in New York.

Mr. Flower soon after coming to New York went into the banking business, his firm being Benedict, Flower, & Co. This lasted several years, and was then changed to R. P. Flower & Co., two of Mr. Flower's brothers being his partners. This firm is still in existence, though its founder has retired from an active participation in its affairs, and is now only a special partner. The Keep estate under his management has increased greatly in value, and Mr. Flower also, through the chances open to him as Mrs. Keep's agent, has accumulated a very ample fortune. He has been interested in the management, as director, of many railroad and other large corporations, and has always declined to invest in any property of which he did not have personal knowledge.

In 1880, when General Garfield sent Mr. Levi P. Morton to Paris as United States minister, he had just been elected to Congress in the Eleventh District of New York by a majority of 4000 votes. When he resigned, the Republicans nominated Mr. William Waldorf Astor, and the Democrats put up Mr. Flower, who consented to run upon the distinct understanding that he would not purchase a single vote. He was elected by a majority of 3100 votes. This surprising victory gave Mr. Flower great prominence, and at the next State Convention he had a very large following as a candidate for the nomination for Governor. On the first ballot he had 123 votes; General Slocum, 123; and Mr. Cleveland, 61. Every one knows how Mr. Cleveland was nominated. At the next State Convention he was nominated against his protest for Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with Mr. Hill. He declined to accept, and General Jones was substituted for him.

He declined a renomination for Congress at the end of his first term, but he was very active in political work. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention which met in Chicago in 1888, and was somewhat spoken of as a suitable person for the nomination for the Presidency, but it was inevitable that Mr. Cleveland should be the choice of the Convention. The same year Mr. Flower was a candidate for Congress for the Twelfth District, and was easily elected. In this Congress he served on the Committee on Ways and Means and the Committee on the World's Fair. He worked hard to have the Fair located in New York, and when Mr. Springer, of Illinois, questioned the validity of the $10,000,000 in bonds which the New-Yorkers proposed to issue, Mr. Flower said that he would undertake to buy them all at par, and pay for them in cash.

As a political organizer, Mr. Flower has been very successful. Before he came to New York to live, and while at the head of the Jefferson County Democratic Committee, he urged upon Mr. Tilden the wisdom of interesting young men in the party organization, and Mr. Tilden followed his advice. In 1877 he was chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, and his party won, although there was a bolt. Five years later he was chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee, and last year in the same position he had the satisfaction of seeing more Democrats elected to Congress than ever before. As soon as he had accepted the nomination at Saratoga for Governor, he wrote his resignation as a member of the Congress which meets in December.

In the use of his wealth Mr. Flower has acted with generosity and public spirit. In the neighborhood of Watertown his benefactions have been large and numerous, and have helped no little in making him the most popular man in that section of the State. In Theresa he has built a church in memory of his mother, and in Watertown he has built another church, which is said to be the handsomest in northern New York. He is a vestryman of St. Thomas's Church in New York city. When his only son died, in 1881, Mr. and Mrs. Flower gave $50,000 to St. Thomas's to construct, at Sixtieth Street and Second Avenue, a building to be called St. Thomas's House. This was in memory of his son. He has also built a hospital to be used by the students of the Homœopathic Hospital. He has only one child, Mrs. John B. Taylor, of Watertown. His home life, whether in New York or Watertown, is very simple and unostentatious.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

AMATEVR·SPORT

Further information goes to prove the correctness of my criticisms on Lord Hawke's job lot of cricketers that have come over this week to show us how little we know of the game. Last week, in giving the names of the English eleven, I said it was by no means a team of the first class; this week I add that it hardly ranks second class. It is only fair to say, however, that Lord Hawke's efforts to bring over none but simon-pure amateurs have resulted in numerous declinations that have been very disappointing to him. Had he succeeded in getting together the team he had planned, we should have had our hands full in beating them. It is just as I have before said a number of times, the English cricketer considers us small game, and we must give him a sound drubbing ere he respects our prowess. This week and next the golden opportunity is presented.

Lord Hawke is nominally, I believe, still captain of Yorkshire. Now Yorkshire is represented in the cricket field entirely by professionals, and as it is fatal in the interests of good cricket to permit a professional to captain a county team, Yorkshire has to put up with the best available amateur. He is an enthusiast, of course—cricketers usually are—but what has he done? Nothing at Eton, very little at Cambridge, and less since. Indeed, his form this season has been so uniformly bad, his average being only 16.11 for 14 completed innings, that not even a lucky century scored against Somerset could demonstrate that he had any right to play for his country. Moreover, he is shockingly careless in his field.

Lord Throwley, too, is only a third-rate bat and a fourth-rate bowler, whom all poor batsmen are wont to refer to as "sweet," and has not even been chosen to represent his county this year. K. J. Key loses more runs in the field than he makes by the bat, although occasionally, when set, he can hit pretty freely. Hewett, Ricketts, Wreford-Brown, and Hillyard are, of course, fair cricketers, but to include them on an eleven purporting to represent England, even in a remote degree, is simply ridiculous. C. W. Wright and L. C. H. Palairet are probably the two best men of the team. The former is a steady though punishing bat, first-class behind the wickets; and Palairet is the mainstay of Oxford and Somersetshire in the batting line this season. A cable in a recent issue of the *Herald* announced the substitution at the last moment of S. M. J. Woods for Palairet. If this is so, it will greatly strengthen the visitors, for Woods is one of England's best bowlers. Hornsby and McAlpine are hardly worth mentioning, so far as their prowess is concerned, both having evidently been chosen on account of *bon camaraderie* rather than ability. The latter plays for a little Kent club called "The Mote," and generally goes in at the tail end of the innings. He invariably comes out about as soon as he goes in. None of the men are bowlers, and to hail the team as a national one is to confess our ignorance.

The team chosen by the International Committee of Philadelphia to play in the first match against Lord Hawke's team Friday, Saturday, and Monday, September 25th, 26th, and 28th, is as follows: G. S. Patterson, F. H. Bohler, H. I. Brown, R. D. Brown, F. E. Brewster, F W. Ralston, Jun., C. Coates, Jun., W. Brockie, H. P. Bailey, W. Scott, and S. Law.

This is a very strong team, probably the strongest native-born eleven that could have been chosen. A. M. Wood, who played so finely against Boston and Chicago, being of English birth, has not been asked to take part in the coming matches, although his presence would have strengthened the team considerably. The policy of the Philadelphia committee in allowing none but players who have learned their cricket on our grounds to take part in international matches has been the subject of much adverse criticism from the English resident cricketers and their sympathizers, but there is no doubt as to the soundness of the Philadelphia decision that the practice in vogue in some cities of including Englishmen in American representative elevens robs an international match of its interest by eliminating the national feature. Indeed too much praise cannot be given the Philadelphians for their sportsman-like stand and evidence of thoroughly American spirit.

While we are discussing the international match, I have been sorry to notice several invidious flings at the Philadelphia committee by one or two New York papers, anent the New York match against the Englishmen. Space is too valuable to go into the matter very deeply; suffice it to say that such comment comes from the uninstructed. The fact of the matter is the executive of the committee wrote over here to the "Metropolitan League" concerning dates, etc., as early as September 2d. The New-Yorkers failed to reply until a few days ago, and now, I understand, they are objecting to the terms, which are simply that they shall take charge of the expenses of the Englishmen while in their hands, retaining all gate receipts. Some people are never satisfied; if the Philadelphians had offered to pay all expenses of the visitors while they are in New York, giving all gate receipts to the "Metropolitan League," I presume the New-Yorkers would then be howling for a share in the receipts at Manheim.

As predicted in this column would be the case, Philadelphia won the cricket match for the championship of America. I must acknowledge, however, that I was scarcely prepared to see the Chicago players so completely out-classed in every department of the game. The absence of Dr. Ogden was severely felt by Chicago; but even that would not account for the almost childish exhibition given by the Western players, who were practically never in the game from the start until the finish. With the single exception of A. M. Wood, who is a naturalized citizen, the Philadelphia team was composed exclusively of American-born citizens, whereas the Chicago eleven was made up entirely of imported material. The victory of Philadelphia may therefore be looked upon as a vindication of the principle of national representation as opposed to that of importation.

The Philadelphia men batted superbly and bowled most effectively, disposing of their opponents without any trouble, and winning with ridiculous ease. Their fielding, however, was scarcely first-class; but the carelessness observed in that department was doubtless due to the fact that they were never for a moment required to exert themselves in order to win the match.

The Manhattan Athletic Club's carnival of sports on Saturday last proved to be the biggest affair of the kind ever given in this country. It is wellnigh impossible to say how many people visited the club's grounds between eleven in the morning and ten at night, but it is a fact that the immense grand stand, the lengthy rows of bleachers, and every available bit of ground about the track were filled to overflowing after two o'clock. There were at least 15,000 people on the grounds all the time, and they were going and coming constantly. Anything so elaborate has not before been attempted in athletics, and the exceptionally good management was therefore the more praiseworthy. From the clay-pigeon shooting at eleven o'clock down to the electric-light display at seven, every event went off on time and without a hitch. The programme was scheduled to finish at 6.15 P.M.; it finished at 6.23. When it is considered that it covered seven hours, and included a shooting competition, swimming, naphtha launch, canoe and eight-oared shell races, athletic and cycling events, a tennis tournament, base-ball and lacrosse match, and a foot-ball exhibition, the excellence of management is appreciated. The track was in superb condition, and will be a lasting monument to the skill of James Robinson, the club's athletic manager. No new track in this country has ever recorded such times as this one, and it is unquestionably destined to be the fastest in existence. This carnival of sports was a huge undertaking, but in carrying it off successfully, the club has given vigorous encouragement to every one of the seasonable sports in its general athletic department. The club's most recent departure, lawn-tennis, had its first tournament, and H. L. Bloomfield is to be congratulated on its success, for he worked early and late, and under great difficulties.

When Luther Cary finally secures the 100-yard record certainly no one will have the hardihood to deny that he has earned it. He has had enough hard luck to take the heart out of the average man. Every time he makes an exceptionably good performance something prevents its recognition. On Saturday, in the trial heat of the 100 yards, he was timed in 9$\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, equalling the world's record, made by John Owen, Jun., of the Detroit Athletic Club, at Washington last October; but as there were only two timers on hand, the other three being off wool-gathering, it cannot be accepted as a record, the A. A. U. calling for three timers. It was too bad, and the one blunder to mar the day. In the final Tommy Lee, N.Y.A.C., who is running in grand form, starting from the 1$\frac{1}{2}$-yard mark, raced Cary the entire distance, and finally won by a foot in 10 seconds. Cary made a desperate effort, but Lee was too strong for him. An ex-professional from Providence got into the 220 on the 10-yard mark, and captured the prize in 21$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, with both Remington, M.A.C., and Vredenburgh, N.Y.A.C., running strong and close. More care should be exercised in taking unknown entries from a distance. Massachusetts is full of reinstated amateurs that have left the professional ranks because business is slack. Athletic committees must keep their eyes open. The absence of Dohm, Downs, and Remington from the quarter gave the impression that the event would be uninteresting, but it wasn't; quite the contrary, it was the most stirring event of the afternoon. G. J. Bradish, N.Y.A.C. (one of the best captains that club ever had), was on the 10-yard mark, and ran a finely judged race, finishing first by five yards in the fast time of 49$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. Downs failed to run because of a boil on his hand, and Remington devoted himself to the 300-yard dash, which he won easily in 31$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

The mile walk began the record breaking of the day. Curtis, the recent English importation, lowered the world's quarter-mile record to 1.23, two seconds better than it was, and finished the mile in 6 minutes 36$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, with Shearman second by 15 yards in 6.42$\frac{4}{5}$. Curtis's form is very fine, and his style of walking the fairest of any save that of Shearman. The latter, by-the-way, is a greatly improving man—he did seven seconds better last Saturday than the week before—and I expect to see him some day at the top. Dohm ran magnificently in the half, with his free strong stride, and although pocketed at one time, finished first in 1 minute 54$\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, supplanting the American record (his own) of 1 minute 55$\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. The world's record is 1 minute 54$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, held by F. J. K. Cross, an Englishman. The surprise of this race, however, was the showing of T. B. Turner, M.A.C. He is the Princeton half-miler, and at his present rate will be a sure winner of that event next May. He started on the 15-yard mark, and was beaten about eight yards, making his time for the full distance 1.58 or thereabouts.

The hurdles brought out H. H. Morrell, N. J. A. C., who is certain to be a champion in one of these events, if not in both, before he is many months older. His form is good, and he is strongly put together. He won the high event from one yard in 16$\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, and had the low in hand easily until he lazily fell over himself on the last hurdle, and took second to Schwegler in 26$\frac{1}{5}$. The latter seems to be somewhat out of it nowadays in the hurdles. The triumphs of his Staten Island days have passed from him, I fear, not to return. There are many good ones in the field, and that makes me pause to reflect how this game has come up in the last few years. In '86 Jordan made his 16$\frac{1}{5}$ record for the high hurdles, and was considered a wonder; and when Copland created a name for himself in '87 by making the world's record for the low hurdles in 26$\frac{2}{5}$ seconds; these two had it all their own way in those days, and without record time in either event being touched. Then came Herbert Mapes, the most graceful of them all—dear boy, how little I thought then I should be called upon to record his drowning this summer!—then Williams, of Yale; and Lee and Ducharme and Lewis and Fearing, of Harvard; and now Puffer and Barnes and Morrell. The result is that the high hurdle record is 15$\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, held by Williams; and the low, 25$\frac{1}{2}$, by Lee. The old time is considered slow now, which any one of them can equal.

George Gray, N. Y. A. C., has a penchant for making new records with the 16-pound shot that is very fetching to spectators as well as the shot itself. He raised the world's record again on Saturday to 46 feet 7$\frac{3}{4}$ inches. J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., is acquiring something of the same failing, for he likewise again broke the world's record with the 56-lb. weight by throwing it 34 feet 6$\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Whether or not the mile record is finally allowed Conneff, M. A. C., the fact remains that he can make a new American record for the mile or five miles whenever the conditions are favorable. On Saturday he won the mile in 4 minutes 21$\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, and it was so announced, but as there was a $\frac{1}{5}$ second disagreement by the timers in the reading, the chances are the time eventually given will be 4 minutes 21$\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. This is the present American record, made by W. G. George, the Englishman, in this city, November 11, 1882. George also holds the world's amateur record of 4 minutes 18$\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, made in '84 in London; and the world's professional record of 4 minutes 12$\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, made in London in '86. Hallock, M. A. C., cleared 6 feet $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in the high jump, the best in his career, if I am not greatly mistaken, Nickerson, N. Y. A. C., was not up to his form, and Edwards, N. J. A. C., beat his performance of a week ago half an inch by clearing 5 feet 11$\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

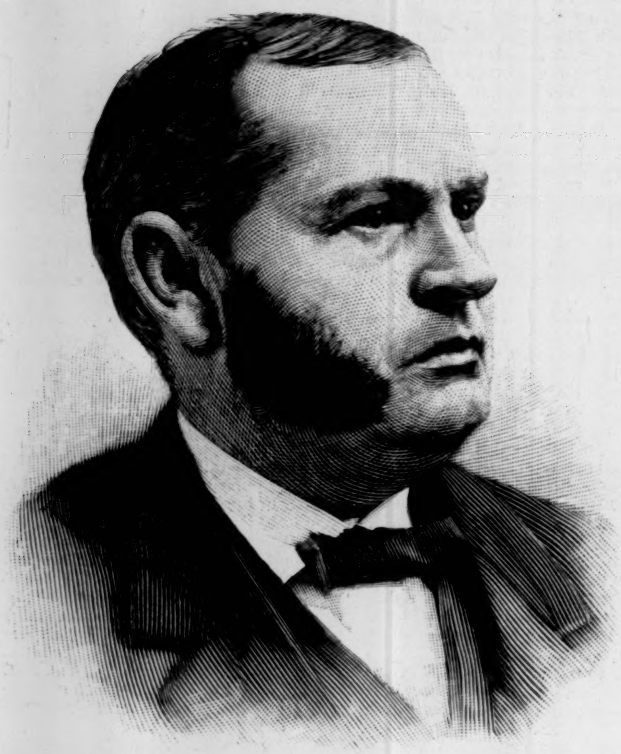
The coming two weeks will be filled with athletics, and three of the most brilliant meetings of the year are assured. Next Saturday — the 26th — the Canadian championships will be decided at Toronto. On the following Tuesday the Detroit Athletic Club will hold open games, and all the Eastern athletes that are at Toronto will compete at Detroit on their way to St. Louis, where the national championships will be decided October 3d. The Canadian championships, coming first, will mark some very close contests. If Jewett, of the Detroit Athletic Club, is in the form reported, he will make it very interesting for Lee and Vredenburgh, N. Y. A. C., in the sprints. Cary certainly should win both, unless he is caught napping. Downs and Remington will have a killing tussle in the 440 yards, and the winner is not at all assured. Each believes he can win, and both are game to the core. I have not figured on John Owen, Jr., D. A. C., in the 440 yards because I don't believe he will start. He has been ill, and it will take a strong man and a remarkably fast one to stay with Remington and Downs. Dohm is certain of the half-mile, but there will be an interesting struggle for second between Turner, M. A. C., Waldron, the Canadian, who is reported going well, and the colored runner Morris, of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. Turner ought to take the place, however. Morris may enter the mile instead, but there he will have an equally formidable opponent in Conneff, who is sure to win, even, I believe, if the Canadian Gibbs turns up. The hurdle events ought to be among the best, with Ducharme, D. A. C., and Lewis, A. C. S. N., added to Copland, Morrell, and Puffer. It's too bad Williams and Lee are not in form. It is not certain the A. C. S. N. will send a team, but with Lewis in the hurdle, Ramsdell in broad jump, Rodenbaugh pole vault, and Taxis bicycle, it can furnish strong men. Moreover, every club of any importance ought to be represented at championships. Gray and Mitchell will secure the weights for the N. Y. A. C. Reber, if he is in such form as reported, will take the broad jump, and Copland, Ford, Ramsdell, and Jordan there contest second. Ford is not in shape. Nickerson, Hallock, and Edwards should take the places in high jump. It looks, as usual, as though Canada's chances for points are slim, though I remember they have a broad jumper who promised well last year.

The Ladies' Out-door Club of Staten Island held an invitation tennis tournament last week which was worthy of more space than I shall be able to give it. And this calls to mind, by-the-way, the fact that I have read recently something on the decline of the game's popularity with women. So far as number of tournaments go, it does appear to have lost in favor this year, but I believe I am getting very near the truth when I say it is neither because the game has become too fast nor because it is not so fashionable as formerly — two reasons put forth — but because of the manner of giving tournaments. Women are just as fond of tennis as ever they were, and the game has lost none of its charms for sport and health; but they are not so indifferent to playing before an assorted lot of spectators, nor in a tournament where entries are accepted indiscriminately, as their brothers. What they want are invitation tournaments given under the auspices of a club, such as the one on Staten Island, or others of the same kind. Given this, and tennis for women will not want for encouraging results. The especial feature last week was the easy defeat of Miss G. W. Roosevelt by Miss Burdette, of Englewood (who had beaten Miss Voorhees in the second round, 3–6, 6–1, 6–5), in the final single round, 6–1, 6–1, though Miss Roosevelt was handicapped by a strained wrist, which necessitated a bandage, and must have had some influence on her strokes. Miss Moore, who was beaten by Miss Roosevelt in the second round, is only fifteen years old, and somewhat resembles in face and general form photographs of Miss Lottie Dodd, the former English champion. This, I understand, was her first open tournament, and the form she displayed gives promise of very strong play another year. Her backhand especially is very good. In doubles the Misses Roosevelt won with great ease from Miss Stone and Miss McKinley—6–1, 6–2—and showed form that would probably have won from the pair which defeated them at Philadelphia in the early summer.

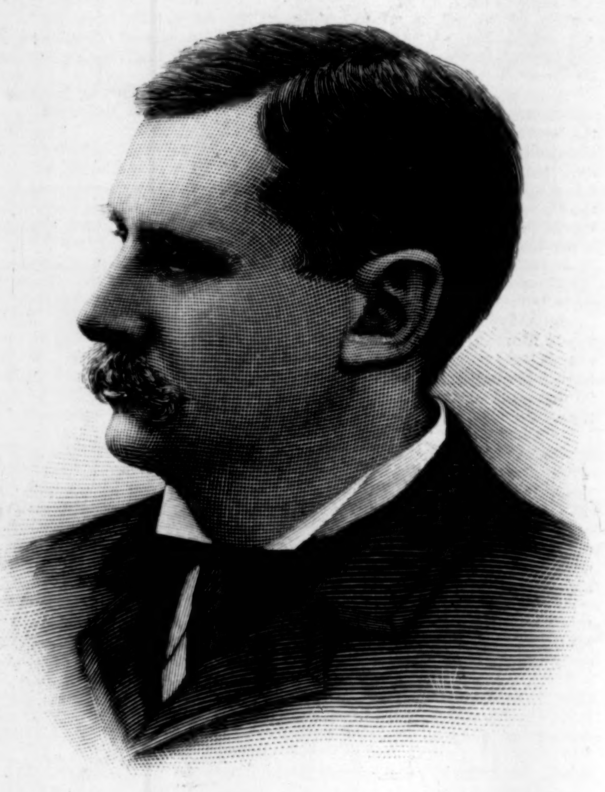
Preparations in foot-ball are making all along the line, and while there are many conjectures and much learned and lengthy discussion as to who is coming back and who is not, and what green material will be on hand, nothing will be known positively until about the 1st of October. Harvard men have not yet come together at Cambridge, though Trafford is there getting ready for them, and counting on Lake, Sherwin, Fearing, Hallowell, Corbett, and Alward. Captain Warren has taken the men he had at Cedarhurst down to Princeton, and will scan the green material as rapidly as it comes in. At present he has two new and heavy men in view for possible forwards, and is sure of King, Poe, Symms, Wood, Davis, Homans, and hoping for Hayden and some youngster from New York—a dark horse, who is promised a good one by those who know him. Captain McClung was on hand last week, but not all of those he expected turned up. Disappointment is already overtaking the Yale captain. Ives will not be able to play, after all, his physician positively forbidding it. Lewis, the green centre, who did much to lose the game at Springfield, but redeemed himself at Eastern Park, has written that he will not be back, and rumor has it that S. Morrison, who did so well last year, will not be back until late in the season, but he probably will come around in due time. The others expected are Noyes, Wallis, Kidd, L. and C. D. Bliss, Mills, Cochran, James, Paine, Heffelfinger, Barbour, McCormick, and Crosby.

One of the most interesting horse shows of the coming season will be that at Mount Morris, this State, next Saturday, the 26th. It is the occasion of the seventh annual show for hunters and carriage-horses, which the sportsmanship of S. S. Howland, Esq., has made possible, and while it is not one of the largest of the year, it is certainly one of the most instructive. There are prizes for green, light-weight, and heavy-weight hunters, and a cup for high jumpers, open to all save Mr. Howland's champion Ontario. There are also cups for tandems and fours, and cash prizes for singles and pairs under and over 15.2 hands, to be shown in harness. The judges are among the best authorities in this country, for hunters, Messrs. H. L. Herbert, Charles Mather, and J. T. Hyde; for carriage-horses, Messrs. J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, and Frank Sturgis.

Caspar W. Whitney.



THE HON. ROSWELL P. FLOWER, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 734.]



THE HON. FRANCIS HENDRICKS, COLLECTOR FOR THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 737.]

THE UNITED CHARITIES BUILDING.

Two or three years ago the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor and the Charity Organization Society proposed to erect on a carefully chosen site in New York a charity building in which the head offices of the various charity organizations should be located, and these societies appealed for help to all who had the social interests of New York at heart. The aim in view was the establishment of a strong administrative centre, from which the work of active benevolence throughout the city might be conducted with more efficiency than had before been possible.

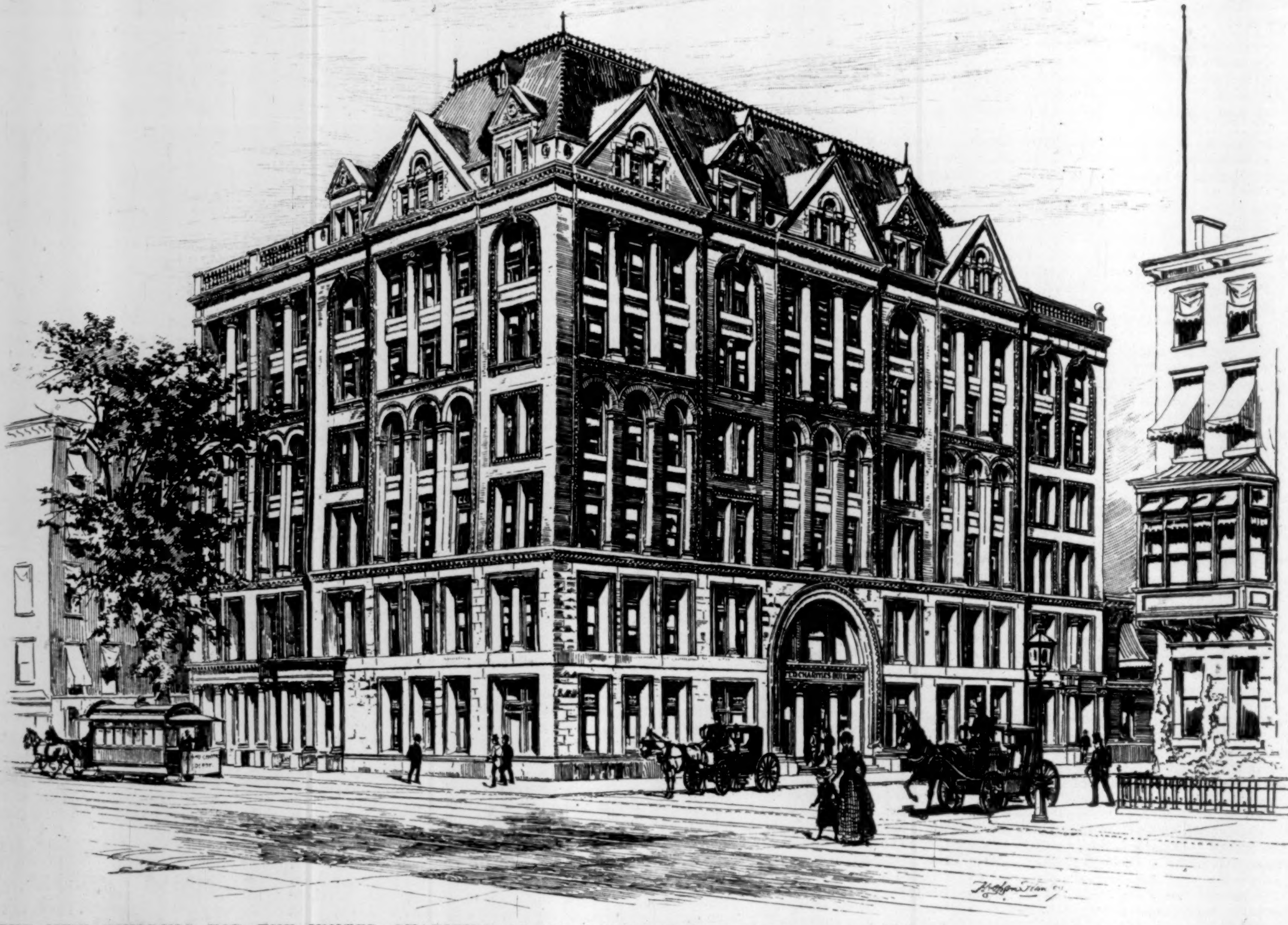
Some progress had been made in securing the necessary fund when the financial distress of November of last year postponed the active prosecution of the scheme. Before the effort had been renewed this year, Mr. John S. Kennedy, the retired banker, addressed a letter to the two societies above named, and also to the Children's Aid Society and the City Mission and Tract Society, announcing that he had bought the property at the northeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, then occupied by the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, and proposed erecting thereon a building for the use of the four societies. This generous offer was quickly accepted by the societies, and shortly afterwards the old stone church was unroofed and the walls pulled down.

In his letter offering to construct and give this building, Mr. Kennedy said:

"It is, however, my opinion that greater benefits and more extended co-operation could be secured by enlarging the circle of institutions primarily interested in a building constructed for this purpose than by confining its ownership to the two originally active in the plan.... The building will be called the United Charities Building, and will provide offices at a nominal rent for these societies. It will also provide offices at a moderate rental for other benevolent institutions. Portions of it may be rented for other purposes. It is my expectation that the rentals will more than meet all the expenses of maintenance, and that the building will not only furnish headquarters for these four societies, and thus release all the income now used to provide office accommodation, but will produce a surplus. In such case the surplus will be equally shared by these four societies. Correspondently, any deficit will be met by them in proportion to the space they occupy."

The site chosen by Mr. Kennedy was a very fortunate one. It is central and easily accessible from all parts of the city.

The building, which will be finished and probably occupied a year from now, has been designed by Mr R. H. Robertson and Messrs. Rowe & Baker, architects of New York city It has a frontage of 100 feet on Fourth Avenue and 150 feet on Twenty-second Street. It is a massive and dignified structure of a composite style of architecture, with Grecian ornamentation. It is seven stories high, the basement and the first two stories being of bluestone, while the other stories are of gray Ohio brick, with vitrified terra-cotta ornaments. The roof is of Spanish tile. Mr. Hughson Hawley's picture of the building, with these notes as to the material of which it is to be constructed, will give a very adequate idea of its appearance when finished. The interior



THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE UNITED CHARITIES OF NEW YORK CITY, CORNER TWENTY-SECOND STREET AND FOURTH AVENUE.
DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

of the building will be plainly but substantially finished, and the whole structure will be as nearly fire-proof as modern science has enabled our architects to build.

The Charity Organization Society will occupy part of the first and the whole of the third floors. The remainder of the first floor will be given to the Children's Aid Society, which will also have a part of the basement, in which will be fitted baths for the children and outfitting apartments. This society, whether sending poor children on excursions or to new homes in the West, always sees that at least they start away clean in person and in raiment. The second floor will be occupied by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, while half of the fourth story, or as much as may be needed, will be given to the City Mission and Tract Society. On the top floor there will be a kitchen and eating-rooms for the officers, clerks, and others employed in the building. On the sixth floor there will be a board-room, where the trustees of the building and of the other societies will hold their meetings. On the first floor, with a separate entrance on Twenty-second Street, there will be a hall sufficiently large to comfortably seat four hundred persons. This will rise through two stories, and in its finish and appointments will be the handsomest room in the building. It will be used for meetings in regard to charities and missions. The remainder of the building will be rented to such charitable societies as may wish to have offices in this central building, and what is left will be leased for general offices. The part of the top story not taken up as before indicated will be fitted up for artists' studios, or for other persons needing specially good light.

It may not be inopportune to tell briefly something of the scope of the work of the four societies which will own this building. The Charity Organization Society was chartered by a special act of the New York Legislature in 1882, and the fundamental principles of its constitution declare that every department of its work shall be completely severed from all questions of religious belief, politics, and nationality, and any person representing the society is forbidden to use his or her position for purposes of proselytism. Its objects, however, are briefly these: To be a centre of intercommunication between the various churches and charitable agencies in the city; to foster harmonious co-operation between them, and to check the evils of the overlapping of relief; to investigate thoroughly and without charge the cases of all applicants for relief which are referred to the society for inquiry, and to send the persons having a legitimate interest in such cases full reports of the results of investigation; to provide visitors who shall personally attend cases needing counsel and advice; to obtain from the proper charities and charitable individuals suitable and adequate relief for deserving cases; to procure work for poor persons who are capable of being wholly or partially self-supporting; to repress mendicancy by the above means and by the prosecution of impostors, to promote the general welfare of the poor by social and sanitary reforms and by the inculcation of habits of providence and self-dependence.

It will be seen that the work of this society is very general in its nature. It has been in direct co-operation, ever since its organization, with the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which in a year or so will have completed its fiftieth year of charitable service. This society attempts to see that all deserving cases of destitution are promptly relieved; to elevate the home life, health, and habits of the poor; to make employment the basis of relief; to reduce vagrancy and pauperism, while ascertaining their true cause; to prevent duplicate and indiscriminate almsgiving; to secure the community from imposture, and to improve the sanitary condition of the dwellings of the poor. Assistance is thus rendered not only with great caution, but also with secrecy and delicacy, for it is unknown to any but the visitor and grocer. No degradation consequently follows such relief, nor is it the means of undermining one right principle or of enfeebling one well-directed impulse. In all the efforts made the association endeavors to make the poor a party to their own improvement and elevation. Beneficiaries are required to abstain from taking intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and certain other things are demanded of them. Those who wilfully violate or disregard these rules are debarred from further relief. This association also has charge of the free baths—the People's Baths they are called—which have recently been opened with so much success.

The Children's Aid Society was founded nearly forty years ago by the late Charles Loring Brace, who gave to it the last thirty-eight years of his life. It now maintains twenty-one industrial schools, five night schools, six lodging-houses, a crippled boys' brush shop, four summer homes for children in the country or by the sea, two free reading-rooms, and schools for dressmaking, operating sewing-machines, and type-writing.

The objects of the City Mission and Tract Society, the oldest of the four associations, are to promote morality and religion among the poor and destitute of the city of New York by the employment of missionaries, by the diffusion of evangelical reading and the Scriptures, by the establishment of Sunday-schools, mission stations, and chapels, and the preaching of the gospel. The society has erected several buildings, which are called "Churches for the People," and has organized independent congregations on the principles of Christian union and co-operation, with the Apostles' Creed as the symbol of faith, and a simple form of church government. The ministers in charge are regularly ordained by some one or other of the evangelical denominations, and associated with them are church officers chosen by the people of the congregations.

Such, in brief outline, is the scope of the work of the societies which will find a permanent home in the building now being put up in Fourth Avenue. The work each will be able to do under the new conditions which Mr. Kennedy's happy beneficence has created will doubtless be much more efficient, and in combination they will probably be able to reduce, in a degree at least, the sum of misery and wretchedness which prevails in some quarters of the town, and which is not entirely concealed in those other sections where we are in the habit of looking only for fashion and luxury.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

THE NEW COLLECTOR.

The New York city politicians have never liked to have a man from the interior of the State appointed to the chief Federal position in New York city, and probably to some of the Republican workers the appointment of State Senator Francis B. Hendricks, of Syracuse, as Collector of the Port of New York will be unwelcome, but he has the advantage of a better knowledge of New York local affairs than is usual in an outsider, as he has served during several sessions of the Legislature as chairman of the Senate Committee on Cities, and has in this way come in contact with the active politicians of the city of both parties. In performing the duties of his office, he will also have the advantage of a long and successful business experience. Unless he had already proven himself a skilful politician, it is not likely that he would have been selected at this time, whatever might have been his other qualifications.

He was born in Kingston in 1834, and was educated in the common schools and the Albany Academy His business career was begun in Rochester, where for some time he was employed as a clerk. Later he went to Syracuse, and went into business for himself From the start he has been unusually successful both in business and society. He was twice elected Mayor of his town, but he did not enter politics until he had made a fortune, and felt that he could afford to devote some time to the public service. He served two terms as member of the Assembly from Onondago County, and three terms as Senator from the Twenty-fifth Senatorial District. He refused a renomination at the last election. Mr Hendricks has long been considered by many Republicans as an available candidate for Governor, and at all of the recent State Conventions of his party, until the last one, he has been regarded as a dark horse in the race. At the last Convention the managers had another use for him, and his appointment to the Collectorship shows what that was.

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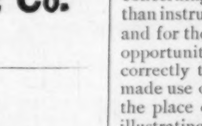

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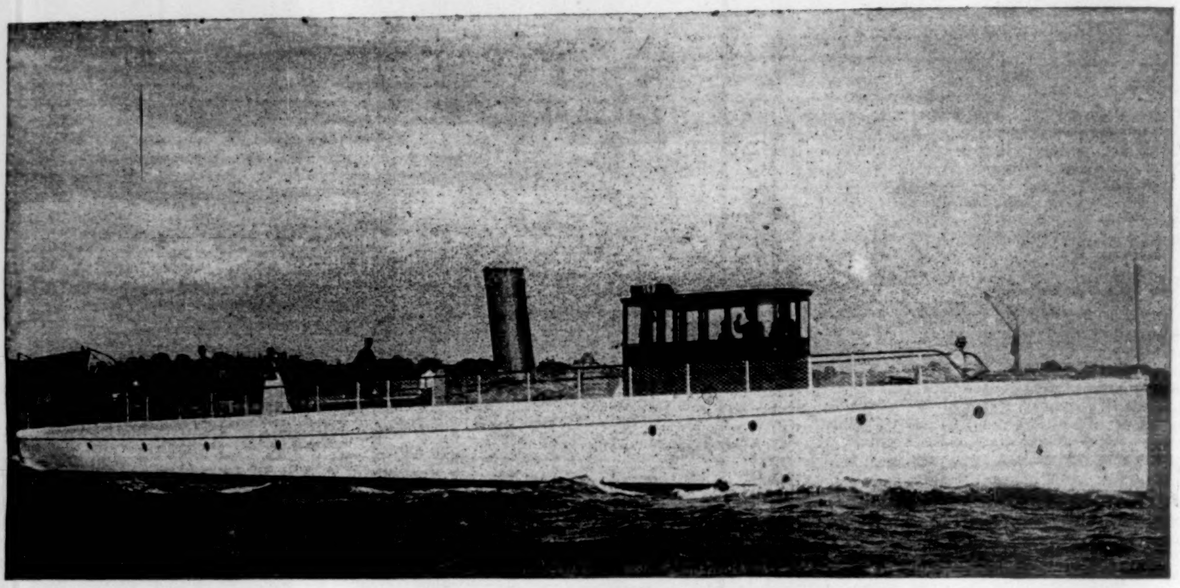
THE STEAM-YACHT "VAMOOSE."

ONE hundred years ago the possibilities of steam were unknown; to-day the noise of broken records fills the world, and the limit is not yet reached. There is a limit, of course, and safety and prudence may call a halt before all the possibilities are exhausted; yet to-day we are still forging ahead—literally, it might be said. Only a little while since, comparatively speaking, the steam-yacht *Stiletto* surprised everybody by her speed, and the government took such a fancy to her that she is now a torpedo-boat, yet to-day the *Stiletto* is out of the race.

The possibilities of speed have increased since then, and there are two boats now that are being discussed with wonder and amazement. Mr. W. R. Hearst is the fortunate owner of one of these marvels of swiftness. She is the *Vamoose*, a production of the Herreshoff Company that is revolutionizing records on water. The object of the vessel is speed, and the purpose is attained. The *Vamoose* measures 112 feet in length, is 12 feet 4 inches in width, and 7 feet in draught. Her hull is of white pine, 1¼ inches in thickness, being double-planked, with a copper bottom. The hull is painted white, the framework of the deck finished in bronze and iron, and above rises the 12-foot pilot-house, fashioned of mahogany. Her machinery is most careful in its construction and rendered as safe as modern science can dictate. An 800 horse-power Thorneycroft boiler, containing 9400 feet of cold drawn tubing, which stands a pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch, and a quadruple expansion engine, with five cylinders, make up the speed-giving power. The equipment of the engine and boiler rooms is perfect. The large propeller shaft is of forged steel, and the screw rudder and propeller of brass.

Early in September the *Vamoose* went down the Bay and ran alongside of the swift steamer *Monmouth*, forging ahead now and again, crossing the steamer's bow, and doing all kinds of tricks. There was too heavy a sea outside the Narrows, so the *Vamoose* gave it up at that point. There were various rumors to the effect that the yacht had tried conclusions with the *Mary Powell*, the swiftest steamboat in these waters, but it was said that she had cut across bends in the river, and only gained half a mile in a run of fifty miles up the Hudson. On the 12th of September, however, the *Vamoose* started out to race the steamboat in earnest and succeeded, going at the rate of twenty-two miles and more. This trial settled all questions; and now people are wondering if she will race the *Norwood*, her rival for public consideration. It is said that the two boats will shortly meet, and it is not improbable that another record will go under, and a new one rise from the remnants of the old.



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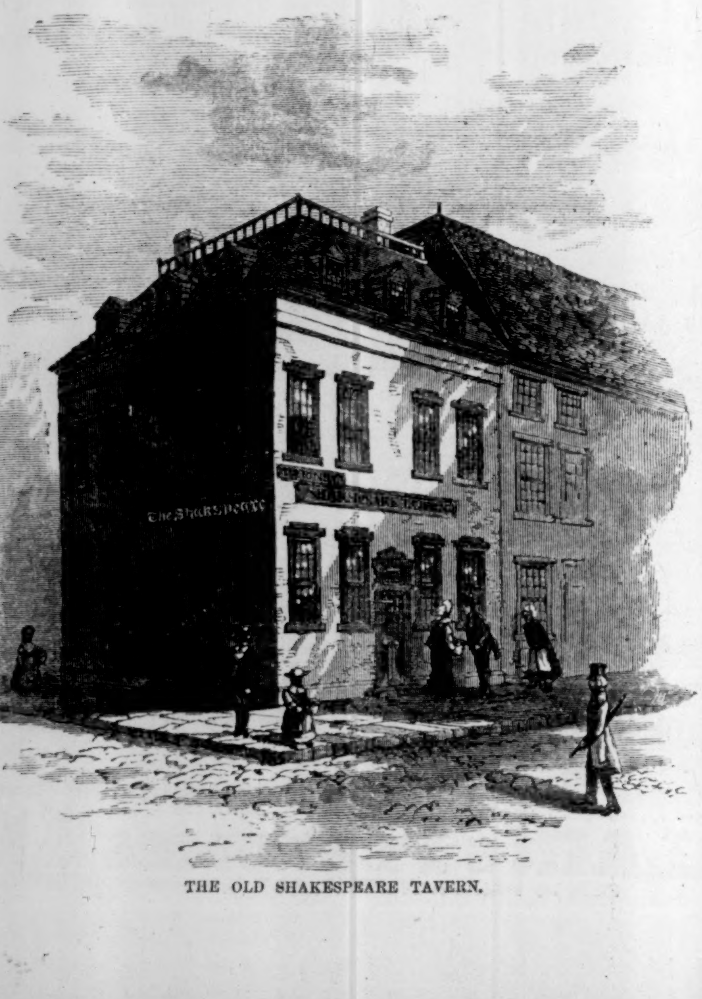
THE OLD SHAKESPEARE TAVERN.

THE old building on the corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, known commonly as the *Commercial Advertiser* building, was wholly destroyed by fire on the morning of September 15th. Then the "oldest inhabitant" shook off the weight and weariness of years and indulged in reminiscences. Old landmarks are passing away very fast, and the genial old story-teller doesn't often have a chance, so he makes the most of every possible occasion.

"Well, well," he remarked, as he alighted from a Broadway car, and stumbled over some cable-road cylinders at the corner of Fulton Street; "I remember when they tore down the old tavern in '36, just to widen the street, but it seems fuller than ever nowadays. Goodness gracious me!" he cried, pushing through the crowd that gazed at the ruins from afar, "the whole population seems to be interested. Do you know," he continued, as he came in sight of the burned corner and rested on his cane, "that the building just burned was built upon the site of one of the most famous taverns of our town? Yes, sir; the old Shakespeare tavern used to be the rendezvous for everybody a hundred years ago. They danced there and dined there and talked politics and society Some famous men in history have sat in the little house that used to be on that corner—sat there while they drank and talked. I remember 'twas in '24 that the Seventh Regiment was founded in that same building. They called themselves the "Battalion of National Guards," and were preparing for the reception to Lafayette, and wanted to have a name. Before that, about '17, I remember—"

In his excitement the old gentleman had pressed beyond the crowd, and was talking in the ear of a policeman. At that moment the interested listener caught the eye of his captain, and interest was neglected for business.

"Come, now, get back," remarked the blue coat, and the "oldest inhabitant" forgot what he was going to say in his hurry to escape the warning club of the policeman.



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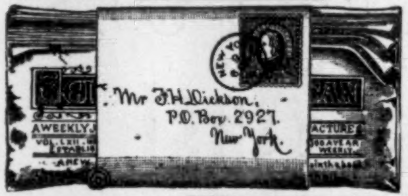

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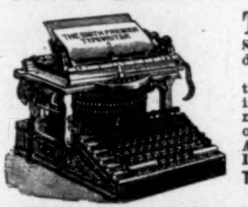

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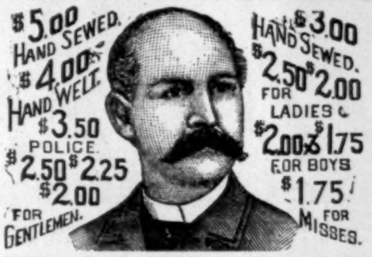
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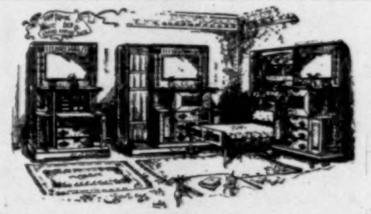

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